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TWILIGHT.

A long, low room, with oaken-panelled walls,
And narrow windows looking to the west,
A quiet room, where flickering firelight falls
On folded hands of one who sits at rest;
Who rests and listens in the twilight gloom
To tender strains of music, soft and slow,
That rise, and fall, and flutter through the room,
In wordless but melodious ebb and flow.
Without, a splendor lingers in the heaven,
Of rose, and purple, royal gold, and gray;
Green leaves are trembling in the breeze of even,
The nightingale's sweet voice comes o'er the way
While overhead, in skies serene and far,
Shines, like an angel's smile, the evening star.

The long, sad hours of harish day are past,
The long, hard years of life draw to a close,
A tired hand and heart enjoy at last
Life's twilight hour before their long repose,
A blessed eventide of love and home,
Before the shadow of that darkness falls
Whose deepest density enwraps the tomb,
And through whose awful mist Death's angel calls.
The sweet strains rise and fall; the twilight grey
Grows deeper in the room; but peace is borne
Unto that listener's heart from far away.
All eloquent with whispers of a morn
Songful and beautiful, prophesied to last
When noons of earth and nights of death are past.

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."
—Shelley.

CHAPTER I.

THE AROMA OF THE CHARNEL HOUSE.

Doctor Paul St. Jean is creaking his way through the blank blackness, the fetid atmosphere of the narrow stairway leading into the demonstrating room of Martin's College, when, as he reaches the dimly-lighted passage, branching off to the dissecting-room, he stumbles upon a figure groping along the banisters in advance of him. There is a mutual exclamation and recognition by voice, for nobody can see in this dismal place.

"It's you, Eustace?"

"Hallo, Doctor!"

"Hallo, yourself, young fellow! You're late at it to-night. I came back on purpose for you. The gig's outside. It's raining. Only a shower, I hope. Come along!"

"Wait! wait!" exclaimed the other, quickly; "there's a new subject here! A woman—a beauty—a magnificent beauty, Doctor! I want you to see her. They brought her this morning. She makes me nervous. I'm so shaky to-night at the sight of her face that I tremble all over like a baby. I can't tell why. I suppose I want a tonic. But she fascinates me. I was going back to take another look at her!"

"The deuce!" laughed the Doctor; "why aren't you used to it yet? You sicken at the sight of blood and death like a sissy! Let's see the beauty! Where is she, Eustace, my boy?"

"Lying as if asleep, on the tiled floor. Covered up from the vulgar eyes and hands of the heathen students, thank God! It doesn't seem like death, Doctor! Yet it's more beautiful than life. You remember our conversation of last night about the spirit that illumines and quickens the miserable body. I was thinking of that spirit as I looked at her and she seemed to smile. Of course it was only fancy. Come in and see for yourself!"

"Have they all gone?"

"All. They left an hour ago. We're all alone!"

The rickety door gives a scream as he pushes it open, and the dim gas light flares blue in the draught.

The ghastly chamber, pervaded with that dreadful aroma of the charnel house, that sickening, indelible odor of corruption which is never to be forgotten or effaced by those who have experienced it, is long and low, and on this night is lost in the general gloom at the lower end, where the gas is out. The students have disappeared. Over one table hovers a feeble glare from a solitary burner, that blinks in the horrible twilight of the place, like the phosphorescence of rottenness. There is a funereal succession of tables extending down the room, each covered with its sheet of black oil-cloth concealing dread horrors, and blood-stained and vile to sight and smell. A grotesque piece of stove-pipe twists itself across the white-washed ceiling and crawls into the far wall, like a distorted serpent.

"Put up the gas, Eustace!" says the Doctor, taking a cigar from his case.

The Doctor is a pale, handsome man, of about forty years of age, a strikingly intellectual looking man, with bright grey eyes and grizzled-black whiskers, and hair tinged with white.

Eustace Marvin, his friend and pupil, is his junior by at least ten years, yet he looks older than his master and more care-worn and paler. The young man's brown eyes glitter almost feverishly; there is a gleam in them that is wild—morbid, one might say, yet as fascinating as strange.

The body has been shrouded in a sheet; over this is thrown the usual black cloth covering of the cadaver.

The Doctor moves the white cerement gently from the face and pauses a moment, as if the countenance, Medusa-like, has petrified him where he stands. Then he speaks softly and musically, looking at the face with a riveted gaze.

"This is the Sphynx whose questioning we shall never answer! She is indeed beautiful, Eustace. She seems asleep!"

He touches the cheek with his finger, gently though, as if he feared the contact might rouse her.

"Why, my boy, she's not been dead twenty-four hours! Not twenty-four!"

"Do you say so, Doctor?" asks Eustace, his wild eyes growing wilder. "Is it trance?"

"No—it is death!" responds St. Jean.

"But where did she come from, I wonder? This is no graveyard spoil, Eustace!"

Eustace stares at the body and responds:

"Don't mention graveyard in the same breath with her, Doctor. I'm sensitive, I know I am. I always was, but I thank God I am not like these base hucksters of students who turn their studies into orgies, even in this room. I cannot account for it, but I must repeat that I am dreadfully conscious of a perturbation in my whole being to-night—my physical being—my psychical being—and the awful magnetism of this poor body here keeps me constantly in its thrall."

Doctor St. Jean makes no reply. His eyes are closed. He is standing in deep meditation for the moment. Then he holds up his cigar to the gas burner, lights it and puffs a faint cloud, which floats above the body like a nebulous spirit.

"Yes, Eustace!" he says at length, speaking in almost a whisper, and with his eyes still fixed on the beautiful clay before him, "it is as you say. There is a subtle magnetism about this mysterious subject. The students must not pollute this. They shall not. I will see to that."

"I love you for saying so, Doctor!" replies Eustace; then after an interval, "notice the exceeding fineness of her hair. What a gorgeous wealth of golden tress. Luckily that has so far escaped vandals."

He walks around the table and surveys the body from every side, while the Doctor, growing vehement in his smoking, envelopes the whole place in mist, and the odor of tobacco somewhat neutralizes the sickening atmosphere.

"Possibly we are so interested in her," speaks Eustace, "because the 'again' is nearly over, and the tables all empty of subjects. She is the first one we have had for a week. They finished the last one, I believe, a night or two ago."

"I am interested in her deeply," rejoined the Doctor. "I have seen, in the course of my studentship and practice, hundreds of beautiful women, but never one so perfect as this one. Never such a faultless piece of sculpture as this. Never such a one as thrills me like this one does."

"The face is like a face that I have so often seen somewhere—either in life or in a painting," replies Eustace. "It is an uncommon face, but I imagine I have seen its counterpart."

"Come, come, my boy," says the Doctor, "let her rest in peace. Cover the sweet face and bid her good night." As he speaks he folds the sheet again gently over the features and replaces the black cover over all. Then he emits a dense cloud of cigar smoke, as a possible apology for speech.

"This is a filthy, detestable place, leather-sight of it," says Eustace, glancing about the apartment. "And the fiend only knows what ever led me to choose medicine as a profession. I'm sick of it."

"Humbug!" replies St. Jean, "you're not. You are more enthusiastic than ever, old man. This room, I confess would be a morsel better for a little scrubbing and carbolic acid, and we must get Jacob about it this very night. I can't help thinking of this woman, Eustace. She puzzles me. I'll swear there's some mystery in the wind. Depend upon it she's been smuggled into the College. Depend upon it. However, I'll find out. Things have been going on too loosely here of late. We must stop it."

The Doctor while speaking walks over towards the window and continues: "Let's have a breath of air, here. It's a cursed absurdity to keep these shutters everlastingly closed."

"Stop! Doctor! See! Look there!" cries Eustace, with an expression of terror, as he points his finger towards the body. "What is that? that, that glows so palely upon her there like a flame?"

"That!" answers the Doctor, laughing. "Why you *non compos!* What is it but moonshine. Moonshine, my boy. See the shower is over and there comes in from yonder chink a slender ray."

"Moonlight!" ejaculates the other, "so it is but it startled me. Everything does to-night."

The Doctor walks to the window and pushes open the shutter. A broad flood of pale light streams into the room.

"See! There's plenty of it. What a glorious night? We will have a charming ride home, old fellow. The Heaven is intense with nebulae to-night, too. Look there! The moon cannot extinguish the stars. There is Saturn, low down, just over the roofs yonder."

Eustace has joined him, and exclaims: "What makes you notice Saturn, Doctor?"

"What? Why, what do you mean? By Jove, I think you're a little flighty to-night, Eustace. Delirium of fever, hey?"

"I was thinking of Saturn at that very instant, Doctor. I had a most strange dream of Saturn last night. Two weeks ago, at the invitation of Professor McClure, I accompanied him into his observatory. The Professor was then engaged in a profound study of the satellites of Saturn, and he excited my curiosity about that planet. I glanced into the long tube of the telescope with a thrill of awe, and beheld suspended in the blackness of space the golden jewel of the ring-girt orb. I can never forget the sight."

He turns abruptly at this instant, and with a terrified glance stares across the room.

"There is somebody here," he says. "I heard a footstep."

There is a noise outside at this juncture, as of a person stumbling up stairs and then the door at the lower end of the room is pushed open and the figure of a man appears, indefinitely revealed in the gloom and cloud which shroud the room in that locality.

"Hallo! It's Jacob!" cries the Doctor.

It is indeed no less important and notorious a personage than Jacob Woolfkin, the College janitor, an individual who has seen more horrors than Monsieur de Paris, Lord of the Guillotine, and has absorbed more medical and scientific knowledge by dint of listening, occasionally, at clinics and lectures, than usually falls to the share of gifted janitors. His language is well stocked with technical polysyllables picked up from the professors, and which his original grammar sets off like jewels of discourse. The students call him "Meaty Jake," for he knows more about joints and cuts than a butcher, and his knowledge of flesh and blood is indeed profound. He's a little, grey-haired man, with very large grey eyes, and a very red nose, and he shuffles along towards the Doctor and Eustace with a sort of limping, slip-shod gait, as if he walked on wooden legs badly jointed. It is evident, too, that he has been drinking more than his usual allowance to-night.

"Doctor! I know'd it was you! I've been hunting you all over! Your man's down there with your vehicle; says he can't wait much longer; told me to find you and bring you down directly! He's been out there nigh on to an hour."

"Tell my man," says the Doctor, "to remain there till I choose to come. I want no more of his orders!"

"Yes, sir." Jacob prepares to shuffle a retreat.

"Stop!" cries St. Jean, "it's strange you can't keep this place in better order, Jacob! Why it's detestable! Look at the great splashes of blood on the floor and walls! Look at the dirt and confusion! There's no air in the room, no ventilation, no light, no order; it's outrageous!"

"Well, Doctor, you see I've been so busy with one thing and another, and renovatin' and 'melioratin' things down stairs, that I haven't had a speck of time to devote myself to the putrefaction of this here room; but I'll fix it the first thing in the mornin', Doctor. That'll be all right, mark my word!"

"I'm afraid you're getting lazy, Jacob. See that it is done at once. Now, do you know anything about this body here? Do you know how it came here?"

The old man's face grows as white as the wall, and he stammers:

"Oh! that 'ere cadaver! Seems that's the very cadaver as was brought here this mornin'. It's a fine subject, ain't it Doctor? Full of adipose tissue, and all that, eh? The College ought to be proud of that ere cadaver."

"What do you know about it, man, tell me? Out with it! Who brought it here?"

The janitor is weak in the knees now, and he trembles; so he catches hold of the table ledge to steady himself, and answers huskily:

"Afore God Almighty, Doctor, all I know about that ere subject is that it was brought here this mornin'. The Coroner sent it."

"What?" cries the Doctor, savagely. "The Coroner?"

"Yes, Doctor, he sent it, I suppose he knew stock was runnin' low here, and so he send her over. It's a God-send, and it——"

"Confound you, answer my question will you, man? Who brought it here?"

"Two men—or at least three men—one white man and two colored men."

"If you don't tell me the truth, I'll have you discharged this very night."

"So help me God, I'm tellin' the truth, Doctor. If you catch me in a lie, inject me and dissect me and put my heart in alcohol for a morbid specimen."

"The man's drunk," says St. Jean to his pupil. "I'll have the whole story out of him, though. I'm fearfully suspicious to-night."

"Come," he exclaims, addressing the janitor, "you must tell me every word about it. Be quick, for I've no time to lose. Tell me the truth."

SCENE IN POMPEII.

He turns quickly as he speaks, and looks the janitor full in the face.

"Well, you see, gentlemen," begins Jacob, "I got up this mornin' about four o'clock—may be it wasn't only half arter three. It wasn't quite light yet. I had lots to do, puttin' things to rights, cleanin' chemical apparatuses, removin' diagrams, et cetery—bein' now as lectures is over. Well, as I was sayin', I got up and went down stairs and lighted the gas in the dispensary, and began sweepin' and dustin,' and fixin' things here and there, when all of a sudden I heard the sound of wheels outside and a vehicle stops at the door. I opens the door and looks out, and there was a big, covered furniture wagon. While I was standin' there a man comes up to me and asks me if this was Martin's College. I says, 'Yes, it was.' He was a colored man. As soon as I told him he calls out to some one in the wagon, and out jumps another colored man and a white man. The white man says to me: 'This is the place we want; you're the janitor, and you?' I didn't give him no satisfactory reply, for I was riley and mad, and then he says again: 'Ben't you the janitor, say?' I says, 'Who you talkin' to?' He says: 'Why, I'm talkin' to you, you old bone scraper.' Says I: 'Who's a bone scraper?' Says he: 'Why you are, dang you.' 'Well,' says I, flarin' up with a repairee, 'if I'm a bone scraper, what are you, eh? What are you but a danged old body snatcher and——'"

"For God's sake, stop this balderdash," interposes the Doctor; "tell us in a few words what happened."

"Says he: 'Give us a lift here.' Says I: 'I'll see you smothered in sulphurated hydrogen afore I'll give you a lift.' Says he: 'What's that? You won't give us a lift, eh?' I says: 'No, I won't; go about your business.' Says he—comin' up and shakin' his fist in my face—'You darned old white-headed resurrectionist, I'll show you.' With that I grabs my broom and——"

"I told you to stop such jargon, Jacob. I can't stay here all night to listen to this nonsense. Let me anticipate you. You saw the wagon stop, you went out, two men addressed you, they wanted you to help them in with a dead body they had in the wagon, this body, here" pointing to the subject. "You refused, but finally did help them in with it."

Jacob replies by a succession of nods.

"So far, so good," speaks St. Jean. "go on."

"Well, they tell me she'd been layin' down at the morgue two days, and as nobody didn't come to claim her, they brought her up here. I told the man he was a liar. Says I: 'Where's your authority?' Says he, 'to conduct, to bring her here, say.' 'Where's your certificate?' Says he, 'oppin' out an oath. 'Just you mind your own affairs, we'll mind our'n; but her out,' says he, 'we've got our papers all sing'ed with her.'"

"I can't understand such conduct," rejoins the Doctor, "but you 'strutted her out, didn't you?" he suggests. "Yes, of course, you did; you told the men where to drive, didn't you? You locked the alley door for them; got the body out and put it on the elevator, didn't you? Yes, of course, you did; I see it all."

"But the most mysterioussest thing, Doctor, what gets me is a card what they hands me, a card with writin' on it. The man says: 'Here's the certificate, here's the authority.' What is this, says I, looking at the card, and not havin' my glasses handy, puzzlin' over the writin'. 'What's this? Whose name is this here?' I couldn't, to save my life, make out the present perfect in that light, and while I was endeavorin' to decipher the hyroglyphics, the man says: 'I can't you read, say?' he says. 'Yes, I can read,' and I gives him a look. Then he winks and says: 'Well, then read that ere and find out all about it.' And with that, he and the other 'body-snatcher' out as quick as lightning, and slam the door, leavin' me standing there like a statute. I recovers from the relapse and digs for the door, opens it and looks out. I hears the wagon rattlin' down the street as if the devil was drivin' and that's all; that's all. I locks the door, rushes into the office, feels in my coat which I'd thrown over a chair there for my specs, but they aint there. Then I puts the card in my pocket, goes back to the hatchway, pulls away at the rope, and elevates her to the dead-room."

"Where is that card?" demands the Doctor, almost ferociously.

"Shouldn't wonder if I had it here now, Doctor, in this here very vest pocket."

He dives into his ragged pocket and fumbles among his clothes, but to no purpose.

"I'll get it for you, Doctor, right off. It's down stairs. I want you to read it."

He turns quickly to execute his errand, but the Doctor's voice checks him.

"Stop! We'll go with you! By the furies, Eustace, we must look into this or else the good fame of Martin's College will be blown by the demon's breath to rags and tatters! Come along, dreamer, star-gazer!" He rouses his pupil from a deep reverie by a pinch on the young man's neck, and the two follow the janitor down the dark and rickety staircase.

"You'll be turning all the students into subjects, if you don't light the landing gas, Jacob," says the Doctor, as he gropes his way through the passage. "You'll be finding some of us at the foot of the stairs some morning with broken necks, man."

"Well, Doctor, you see it's so very late, and all the students——" expostulate their guide.

"It doesn't matter!" interposes St. Jean, "and besides it's economical and the College funds are low. But I'll swear, the light in that room wouldn't attract the ghost of a moth! Why, I could hardly get light enough out of it for my cigar!"

Eustace laughs. "We need light just now on so many more important matters, Doctor."

"True enough, my boy. Look out for that step! I say, janitor, didn't Professor Major know of that body being here?"

"Professor Major? Oh, my, yes, yes sir! The Professor was dead in love with that 'ere cadaver! Said it was the fattest, smoothest, handsomest female cadaver he'd ever seen. And the students! Lordy! oh, how they carried on when they saw her in the dead room. They wanted to chloroform her on the spot. She's an immense success, Doctor."

Another steep flight of stairs to descend and they are on the first floor landing.

"We are at the end of the maze!" says the Doctor, "I see light at last. Behold the dawn!" He points to the open glass door of the lighted office.

"Now, Jacob, as quick as you can—that card. Quick!"

"In half a second, Doctor," answers Jacob, as they enter the office.

"Sit down, gentlemen. There's that man of yours waitin' out at the door there."

"Let him wait! Where's the card? Get it!"

"It must be in my coat pocket."

"Where is your coat?"

"Now, since I come to recollect, Doctor, it seems to me it's in the lab'tory—if I aint there it's in the museum. If I aint there it's in the dead room. I know I had it on when I went up to conduct her over to the dissection room. It was warm work, Doctor, warm work!"

"Don't stand here talking. Go find it!" Jacob at these peremptory words, shuffles from the room and is heard muttering and mumbling as he limps up stairs again. The Doctor then calls to his driver.

"Joe! You can get ready now." Then turning to his young friend, who has all this time been unwontedly silent, he says:

"Eustace, old man, you look tired. Get in the carriage and go to sleep."

"No, I am not tired, Doctor, thank you, but I am oppressed with a most strange, most inexplicable lethargy as if I had been drugged. It will pass in a moment. I will sit here a minute."

He sinks upon a lounge and closes his eyes.

"Why, what the deuce ails the boy?" exclaims the Doctor. "He's as white as a corpse and as tremulous as a girl. Eustace, old fellow, what's the matter?"

The Doctor grasps the young man's hand and feels his pulse.

"He's fainted! Here Joe, Joe, run, get a glass of water as fast as you can. I wish I had some brandy. Poor, nervous boy! Why he's like death. Eustace!"

At the same instant that poor frightened Joe hurries into the room in answer to his master's call, there is heard a heavy fall outside in the passage and a groan, and into the apartment rushes the janitor with a livid face and anguished expression.

"Help me, Doctor!"

"What the fury is all this?" cries the Doctor, with an angry stamp of his foot and his pale face tinged with a flush of real anger. "What the fury is this? Say, Jacob!" and his words are altogether forgotten in this new excitement, and poor Joe stands helplessly bewildered in the centre of the apartment, a ludicrous picture of amazement, while the Doctor, rushing the battering janitor by the arm, exclaims:

"What do you mean? Can't you speak?"

It is plainly evident that he can't speak. He has been stricken dumb through fear.

After an interval he moans forth:

"He—he——"

"Speak out, speak out!"

"She's got up and dressed herself."

"Who?"

"The woman, the cadaver! She dressed herself in black and passed me in the—museum. Oh, God!—or else—its ghost! So help me God, Doctor, I saw her!"

"Nonsense! How much gin have you been drinking to-day, man?" cries the Doctor, his face resuming its wonted pallor and even exceeding it. "A ghost! bah! Where's the card?"

"Here!" The poor fellow makes a mechanical clutch at his pocket.

"Then," blurts forth the Doctor with a terrific energy of voice, "give it to me; and now go get some brandy from the dispensary as fast as your lazy legs will carry you! There is a sick man here. Hurry up!"

The fellow disappears in a moment. He knows by instinct where the brandy bottle is, puts his hand on it in the dark and bobbles back with a countenance full of unutterable misery, but when he returns the

CHAPTER II.

"FOR THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE. FOR THE DOCTORS' KNIVES."

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patient has opened his eyes and is looking around him in amazement.

"Where have I been, Doctor?"

"Asleep, boy. You're tired out."

"Are you going now?"

"At once. Taking to Jacob." Get me that glass there. That's it," pouring out a small quantity of brandy and holding it out to Eustace. "Here, boy, take a sip! You seem sleepy."

Eustace rejects the draught and says:

"Pah! Thanks for your attention, Doctor, but I'm all right now. Let me be going."

The Doctor, handing the glass and bottle to Jacob, who appears as thirsty as miserable, and who takes occasion to gulp the brandy down when the Doctor's back is turned, says:

"As soon as I look at this card, I'm off."

He glances at the square of pasteboard which the janitor has handed him, and his expression at once grows terrible.

"Merciful God! is this all they gave you, man?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"You scoundrel! In the name of all the fiends and angels of heaven, what do you mean?"

"What is it?" cries Eustace, leaping from the lounge and, trembling and nauseate, tottering towards the Doctor. "Let me read it."

"Look what is written here, Eustace. 'Authority?' 'Certificate?' Confusion! Things are managed finely here. Read this! Read the card!"

Eustace, glancing at the paper, cries out like a wail, these words written in a bold hand on the card:

"For the cause of Science! For the Doctors' Intros!"

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTIC PRESENCE—A SUPERNAL ENIGMA.

It was the morning succeeding the strange scene at the College.

Dr. St. Jean was seated in his library, a snug room on the first floor of his rural home, and, brooding upon the events of the past night, he lost sight of the open volume of Swedenborg upon his knee, and indulged in visions every way as weird as those of the author before him.

The apartment was suited to such reveries. Two walls of the room were literally crowded with books of all shapes, colors, and sizes, books that were fresh from the press, glorious in scarlet and gold, and books that seemed as ancient as thought itself, worm-eaten and dust covered, the veritable sepulchres of dead thought.

A spacious grate with a festooned mantel full of brica-brac of the oddest description, and in the most picturesque confusion, formed a third angle of the room, while the fourth was mainly given to a lofty bay-window open to the redolent garden, and in which were placed luxurious couches with cushions for the head, and fitted with adjustable reading stands. These couches were littered with newspapers and magazines, as was also the rich Oriental carpet at their feet. In a niche or closet with a glass door opening from the library near the window was a bizarre assortment of apparatus—chemical and medical, surgical instruments, anatomical preparations, and, strangest of all, a collection of the wild and supernal mechanisms projected by the late Professor Hare, for the purpose of testing "odic" or spiritual presence as manifested upon matter.

A more fantastic assortment of queer things was seldom seen, but the Doctor's house seemed the abode of queer things.

It was long after breakfast and Eustace had not yet made his appearance. The Doctor and his sister Bertha, an amiable lady some ten years his senior, had discussed the meal in the cosy, little bachelor dining-room, and the topic of conversation was the event of last night. St. Jean had told Bertha merely enough of the story to excite her curiosity and superstition. He had not mentioned a word, however, of the sudden and unwonted illness of Eustace at the College and the scene succeeding it.

After breakfast, the Doctor sought distraction in his book and a cigar, but the impressions of that one night of mystery and dread were too strong to be vanquished by study. The Doctor yielded to his thoughts in spite of himself.

Who was this woman? Why was he constantly thinking of her? Her mere presence in the dissecting-room had not affected him, he who had witnessed so many forms of death, but it was the strange thought that had ever possessed him from the instant he had beheld her stretched on the table, a form of majestic loveliness in the midst of that horror and gloom, that he had instinctively not pitied, but loved that shape—loved the dead form before him. Why, he could not tell! That was one riddle of the many to be solved.

But when he came to read that terrible card with its vague words implying even in their utter truth everything revolting and suggestive of even crime, he was raised to a pitch of emotion as unwonted as it was profound.

The dead woman! The card! Two links of a fearful chain! The ghost that the janitor saw, might there not be something in that? The swoon of Eustace, might not that have some mysterious connection with the apparition?

A stroke of the silver bell of a tiny clock on the mantel, brought him back to himself, and he exclaimed:

"Ten o'clock! And no Eustace! I must be off to College again! The College attracts me now like gravitation!"

He leaped to his feet, and touched a bell cord. A servant appeared. A very funny looking, little man-servant, with a large shock head of hair, and a face like an absurd mask—a queese of a servant who moved noiselessly and the mechanism of whose movements seemed of the simplest construction.

"Huffh! Knock at Mr. Marvin's door; and then tell Joe to hurry up the gig."

The gnome nods his head and disappears, as they do in the pantomime.

The Doctor, who had followed the servant out into the entry-way, met Bertha approaching him with a lovely bouquet of roses and honeysuckle.

"I have been in the garden, Paul," she exclaimed, "and I have made you up this to take down with you."

"Thanks, my dear." The Doctor inhaled the fragrance of the flowers rapturously.

"But Eustace?" she asked, "is he ill?"

"I hope not, sister. I have just sent up for him. He appeared to be wearied out, last night, bodily and mentally. He's a frail boy, I'm afraid. I'll go to College without him this morning. Ah! here's the gig, now."

"And here's Eustace himself!" exclaimed Bertha, as that inexplicable young man appeared on the stairs in his morning gown, and with a strange flush of color upon his face that rendered him really handsome at that moment, exclaimed:

"Good morning! But, Doctor, I want to speak to you—one word—here, just a moment!"

"Good morning, Eustace!" cried Bertha. "Are you better?"

Eustace deigned no reply.

"Why old man! you're an early riser," laughed St. Jean.

"I will explain my interest," replied Eustace quickly. "Come, a word with you."

"Jump into the gig here, after your coffee, we can chat on our way to town."

"Impossible!" returned Eustace. "I must see you,—now!—at once—alone!"

"Very well. What's the mystery now? Come into the dining-room."

"I do not wish any breakfast, thank you."

"A cup of coffee, surely?"

"Well—so be it—a cup of coffee."

Eustace stamped the floor impatiently, and carrying in his hand a morsel of paper, and touching the Doctor on the shoulder, motioned him over in the direction of the dining-room.

Bertha, forseeing an interview, left the two alone, and vanished into the library.

When they reached the dining-room, Eustace closed the door leading into the passage-way, somewhat vehemently, and then exclaimed:

"I have something startling to tell you, Doctor."

"Out with it, then! For I haven't ten minutes to spare, my dear fellow. I'm late as it is! Unless you accompany me?"

"Once for all I tell you I cannot go! I am serious, and I wish to speak to you seriously."

"Go ahead."

The entrance at this moment of a servant with the coffee, somewhat disconcerted the impatient Eustace. He turned upon the servant impetuously.

"There, that will do! Put the cup down and take yourself off. I want nothing more; shut the door after you."

When the servant had disappeared, Eustace came over to where the Doctor was sitting making rings of cigar smoke, and, forgetful of the aromatic coffee that smoked before him, exclaimed:

"One word. You know how highly sensitive I was last night, at the College. How strangely I acted. I told you the sight of that dead woman affected me in a most unaccountable way. Well, when I reached the office, I fell as you know, into a state of stupor and then into a dream, and in that dream, or rather reverie, for it was too real for a dream, came and stood palpably before me that woman—the woman we had seen —the woman of the dead chamber—no longer dead but radiant with new life, and beautiful, but arrayed in garments of mourning."

"What nonsense is this?" interposed St. Jean with a forced smile, for he was himself beginning to be affected with his pupil's mood, "say." He was startled, too, at the coincidence of the dream and the apparition seen by the janitor.

"Nonsense?" cried Eustace, his eyes seeming to glow. "Why as God lives it is no nonsense, Doctor. I tell you the sober truth. I am trying to be calm. It has been an awful experience. I tell you the woman seemed real—alive—the woman whom we saw dead but a few hours before seemed to stand before me majestically, a shape of beauty and a real presence."

"You dreamed she stood there?"

"I tell you, it was too real for a dream! it was a reality! I seemed to be wide awake as far as her image was concerned. I was in a trance."

"A trance?"

"Truly, Doctor, for I seemed to cast off my body as a garment, and freed from the inert mass of clay to behold it—my image—in apparently a profound stupor, while I, hovering about it was sensible of a delight I cannot name—a joy that neither wine nor opium can give, an intoxication that was indescribable. It only lasted an instant. Some noise brought me back to myself. With a sudden pang, I awoke and became aware of the horrible chaos of the office, poor frightened Joe, the drunken janitor, and all the terror of last night."

"But, my dear boy, time flies; what has this rhapsody to do with what you want to tell me?"

"Everything! Listen. Last night I retired late. In fact I did not retire at all. I never undressed. I threw myself into the large arm-chair near the window, took a volume of Poe and began reading "Mesmeric Revelations," I became also bed in the story and wandered into a train of thought suggested by the narrator, when happening to look up from my book, I was stupefied to behold, seated at the little writing-table near the fire-place, a woman. She was writing. She wrote long and swiftly, and when she had finished, she lifted her face and looked at me. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. A pale, pale face with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek—a nose delicately curved, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears and shadowed by grief, the sunken lips, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden tress. Do you recognize the portrait? You start! The woman of the dissecting-room. The woman of the trance!"

There was a visible tremor in the Doctor, as Eustace went on with his narrative. St. Jean made a brave endeavor to appear unconcerned and incredulous. His pupil however, detected his emotion.

"You were dreaming of her again, eh! boy—do you know?" said the Doctor.

Eustace made no reply to this remark but continued:

"The light was burning brightly in the room when I saw her. I arose to go towards her, but rooted at that moment I heard my name called, and a loud knocking, and I found that it was morning, and late in the morning, at that, and that I was summoned down stairs."

"And you awoke to find it all a dream? Well, that comes of reading Poe. Why, old fellow, don't you know your brain had become so vividly impressed with the image of that dead face that you couldn't help thinking about it, dreaming about it, seeing it about you every where, at all hours, night and day?"

"Stop! I tell you it was no dream!"

"No dream; are you mad! Believer in spirits as I am, I believe in no such thing as a materialized spirit, boy. It was a vision!"

"Call it a dream, then. Look at this reality!"

He opened the paper he had kept in his hand, and spread it before the Doctor, who looked at it with an expression of amused curiosity.

"Read the reality! I found it on my writing-table. Read!"

The Doctor's expression changed to one of bewilderment as he looked carefully at the paper, and exclaimed:

"Have we our senses, Eustace! Are we bewitched? Last night a mysterious card, now a mysterious letter?"

"But read it! read it!"

The Doctor read these words:

"BETWEEN EOKA, CALLED BY MEN THE FOURTH SATELLITE OF SATURN, AND THE PLANET EARTH, IN MY LIFE AND THERE. I HAVE FOUND THEE AND AM NEAR THEE FOREVER. ELAMA."

"Is this a trick?" the Doctor asked; "but no, Eustace," he added after a lapse of reverie, "you are always serious. I believe you say you found this in your room? On your table?"

"On my table."

"And who wrote it?"

"Ah, who? Tell me that?"

"Might it not be that, in your trance, in a state resembling somnambulism, you wrote it unconsciously?"

"Possibly."

The Doctor read again, — aloud—wondering:

"The *Fourth Satellite of Saturn—Elama*. This is a fearful, fearful parable. By the way, were you not talking about Saturn last night? How in the name of wonder came we to think of Saturn?"

It was just at this instant, when Eustace was about to speak in reply to the Doctor, that the door stopped and listened. They heard the garden gate shut, and somebody coming up the gravel walk. They did not see the visitor at first, but when they looked, the figure, both hideous and ashen pale, Eustace leaped from his seat and stood transfixed.

It was a woman who passed the window. A woman attired in rich and deep mourning. Her veil was up and they beheld the lovely face. "A pale, pale face, with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek, a nose delicately carved, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears, and shadowed by grief, the sunken lips, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden tress. Do you recognize the portrait? You start! The woman of the dissecting-room. The woman of the trance!"

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"On my table."

"And who wrote it?"

"Ah, who? Tell me that?"

For a time, however, his search was vain.

But, at last, he was rewarded for all his trouble.

His eyes fell unexpectedly upon Durel at a cafe in a remote corner of Paris, where he was giving a little dinner to three gentlemen friends.

Durel and his guests were seated at a round table of marble, and had his coat off, wrapped in the cold cozy of the room, the very essence of their disagreeable, forcing the choicest of viands to every thing that he did not.

"Why this unconscionous intrusion, M. Dupont?" said the host, looking up at the stout gentleman largely of champagne.

Dupont seeing the face of his rival for Therese, and Durel recognizing

"Why is Therese de Lincourt going to take the veil?"

"Is she?" asked Duval, with something like a shriek.

"Is she?" mocked Dupont, with bitter derision, "is she! You know she is!"

"I'm sure I'm glad of it; it will save me a world of trouble, for I'm sure Mr. de Lincourt will be a valuable accession to any nunnery."

Dupont was confounded by the coolness of his friend, but grew, every instant, more and more angry.

He leaned over the table and, taking up the *Figaro* bundle, drew from it the rusty foil.

"Do you see this, M. Duval?" he hissed, pointing to the foil.

"I should be stone-blind if I didn't!"

"Well, I've come to put it through your body!"

And the infatuated scribbler made a furious lunge at Duval, but the latter stepping adroitly aside, the weapon slipped from his adversary's grasp and shot through a window on the opposite side of the dining-table, smashing a pane of glass into a thousand fragments.

"Seize me—take me!" yelled Dupont, seeing himself thus disarmed. "I came to murder you!"

"Take you!" laughed Duval. "Why M. Dupont, I wouldn't have you for a gift. But pray calm yourself and sit down and have some dinner!"

The guests began to smile at the turn affairs were taking, and the waiters, and other spectators who had thronged about, commenced to giggle.

Dupont retired from the *cafe*.

On reaching his attic he found another note from Therese. It contained but these words:

"Come to me at once. The page will meet you in the neighborhood of our hotel, and will conduct you."

Dupont was in an ecstacy of delight. The prospect o. meeting Therese once more, even though she had decided to take the veil, thrilled him with joy, and made him forget his vexation of spirit at the inglorious termination of his affair with Duval. He ran about his chamber like a madman, and put on the best suit of clothes he had as his disposal—his very best suit, alas! was at the pawnbroker's.

Then he hurried towards the Hotel de Lincourt.

He met the page and was led to the *boudoir* of Mdlle Therese.

With what a tumult of emotions he met the lady of his love.

Therese de Lincourt smiled as she took his trembling hand.

"I'm going to be a nun, Auguste," she said, mischievously.

"You are going to be a—a—what, Therese, I can't say that odious word?"

"Yes, Auguste, I'm going to be a nun, that is, if I don't marry you!"

Dupont clasped her in his arms and actually kissed her.

The entrance of Mercury put a stop to further love-making.

He handed Therese a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your whim is a foolish one, but I will humor it. You shall marry M. Duval at noon to-morrow."

Therese handed the slip to Dupont.

"It is my father's hand," she said.

Dupont read it and stood bewildered. The scrap seemed to imply that Therese had consented to wed his rival, and signed, in so many words that the ceremony was fixed upon for the following day. There was some grave misunderstanding somewhere, that was evident. Dupont could not reconcile the implication of the note with the tone and actions of Therese, a few moments before its receipt.

"What does this mean?" he asked, in a tone of wonder. "I thought you were going to be a nun, rather than marry me, and now it turns out that you have consented to wed my most hated rival to-morrow?"

And Dupont tore wildly up and down the *boudoir*, running his long locks with his hands, until they stood up on his head like miniature brushwood.

Therese strove to pacify him, but he continued his tragic strides and refused to be comforted.

"I shall assassinate Duval to-night!" he shouted. "'Tis my fate!"

"Why, have you not already done so?" said Therese, playfully.

Dupont gave her a furious glance.

"I have not," he said, "but I shall do it immediately after dark!"

And he assumed the attitude of a swordsman, and commenced making savage passes through the air with an imaginary weapon.

Therese whispered a few words in his ear. Their effect was electrical, for Dupont instantly ceased his ideal sword-practice, and a broad grin settled upon his features. Then, without uttering a syllable, he bended his head as if he were shaking it for a wager, and suddenly left the *boudoir* with Mercury.

Soon after, Therese, radiant with smiles, entered the study of M. de Lincourt. That worthy gentleman rose from his chair to meet her, and patted her fondly on the shoulder.

"Therese," said he, "I have made all the preparations for your wedding to-morrow, even to ordering the banns read in church. I have also informed M. Duval senior of the peculiar manner in which you wish to be married, and, like me, he has consented to gratify your cold fancy."

"A thousand thanks, my own dear father."

That evening Dupont and Duval sat together in the latter's lodgings. They had a bottle of wine on the table between them, and each was smoking a tremendous meerschaum. Altogether, for rivals they had a very friendly air. Their consultation, or whatever it was, lasted until long after midnight, and when at last they parted at the street-door, they grasped each other's hands with a mutual pressure that spoke of anything except hate and assassination.

Dupont wended his way to his attic with somewhat unsteady steps, but that circumstance might have been due to the excitement of his feelings—we shall not ascribe it to any other cause.

The following day, near the hour appointed for the eventful marriage ceremony, Therese, leaning on the arm of M. de Lincourt, entered the grand salon of the Hotel. She was attired in bridal white, had an orange wreath on her head—and wore a cloud of white silk that entirely hid her face.

M. de Lincourt was in high spirits and, before the arrival of the groom and his party, went from guest to guest joking and railing on in a most merry vein.

As the stroke of noon was sounding from the Paris clocks, the roll of a carriage was heard outside, and, in a moment after, M. Duval senior, the bridegroom elect, followed by his best man, and the priest who was to perform the ceremony, were ushered into the salon.

The bridegroom wore a white silk mask, the best contrivance of that worn by Therese.

He trembled somewhat as he immediately advanced and took the equally agitated Therese by the hand.

Duval senior now came forward to receive the marriage fee.

In due time the impressive ceremony was finished, and Therese de Lincourt stood wedded to her masked bridegroom.

Duval senior and de Lincourt had been bob-nobbing in a corner of the apartment, and, while the former was officiating, the latter had in silence whispered congratulations.

They now joined in the throng of those who were felicitating the newly-made husband and wife.

M. de Lincourt was the first of the train to speak, and joyous tears gathered in his eyes, as he said:

"My children, this is the happiest day of my life!"

Duval Senior was more practical in his address:

"Therese and Henri, accept my hearty congratulations. He true to each other and be happy, and, above all, don't be extravagant in your expenses."

At this juncture a great noise became audible at the door, and in rushed—Henri Duval! His face had a high rubicund tint, he reeled from side to side, and in one hand he held a bottle of champagne and in the other a huge wine glass.

"Here's to the bride!" he shouted, breaking off the neck of the bottle against the top of a marble table, and filling his glass. "Here's to Madame Auguste Dupont!"

And he drank off the toast, and waved the broken bottle wildly above his head.

The guests gathered together in consternation.

Duval senior and de Lincourt stood like men in a dream.

Therese and her husband calmly removed their masks, and the bride stood, before all the company, holding the hand of Auguste Dupont!

Duval senior took his jubilant son roughly by the shoulders, and giving him a shake, cried:

"Are you a party to this horrible deceit?"

"I am!" replied Henri, with maudlin dignity.

"And what have you to say?" cried de Lincourt, sternly, turning to his daughter and frowning terribly.

"Simply this," responded Therese: "you wished to marry me, without my consent, to a man I did not love, and I —I had to recourse to woman's wit to save me."

"And now, who are you?" asked de Lincourt, abruptly addressing his new son-in-law.

"Auguste Dupont, of the *Quartier Latin*, dramatic poet, at your service!"

"Great Jove!" cried de Lincourt, bitterly. "A dramatic poet for my daughter's husband! Disgrace has indeed fallen upon my house! And what have you on which to support a wife?"

"The proceeds of my sensation play, which I am now planning, will be more than sufficient."

"Immortal Gods!—and have you no ready cash whatever?"

"Not a copper!"

"But *I* have!" cried Therese. "The little income you have allowed me, since I left school, has been all saved, and I have now enough on which to support my husband and myself, until Auguste's plays succeed!"

"Nobly spoken!" cried Duval, senior. "You deserve pardon for those words—and all I ask it of your father. M. de Lincourt, you had better make the best of a bad job and—forgive Therese and the husband of her choice."

M. de Lincourt began to relent.

"Therese," said he, "I'll forgive you this time, but—never do so any more!"

"I'll promise you that!" said Therese gleefully.

"And now," continued M. de Lincourt, "as for you, M. Auguste Dupont, of the *Quartier Latin*, dramatic poet, I forgive you also, and I desire that you and your wife shall take up your permanent abode at the Hotel de Lincourt!"

"I humbly give you thanks," said Auguste Dupont; "and I shall endeavor to repay your kindness, by making you the model on which I shall build all the relenting fathers in my future plays!"

Our story now draws to a conclusion.

Therese de Lincourt's marriage proved a happy one. Auguste obtained success and fortune by his dramatic productions, and continued, to the end of his days, to be a noble, generous and faithful husband.

Therese, on her part, perfectly idolized Auguste. He was her realized ideal—her world. She believed in him thoroughly, and, in her latter years, it was her greatest pleasure to tell all inquirers how she obtained him through LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

BY O. H. KAY.

"There's no use talking further on the subject, Therese," said M. de Lincourt, one day to his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen-to-morrow you must marry Henri Duval or take the veil!"

Therese de Lincourt pouted at these words, and held up her pretty, white hands in protest.

"But one week longer, *mon cher pere*," she pleaded, "and then, if you are still of the same mind, I will object no further."

"We have already had delay more than enough," sternly replied de Lincourt. "I have only to repeat what I have just said."

And, apparently highly irritated, the father hastily quitted the apartment, leaving his daughter in tears.

Therese de Lincourt, young as she was, had a will of her own, and she had long ago determined, come what would, never to wed Henri Duval. The underlying cause of her firm determination in this particular was that she loved another man. That other man was an unknown scribbler of the *Quartier Latin*, named Auguste Dupont. Of course Dupont was poor, and of course (how else could it be in contrary Paris?) M. de Lincourt was rich and Therese was his only child. Henri Duval was the dissipated scion of an old family and his father, (of whom he was the sole heir,) in the hope that marriage might reform him, had proposed his union with Therese to de Lincourt. As the elder Duval was fully as rich as de Lincourt, the latter had unconditionally accepted this proposition, never in the least considering that his daughter's consent to the arrangement was at all necessary. As for Duval junior, the prospect of being immediately cast off and eventually disinherited had been amply sufficient to drown all his objections.

After her father had gone, Therese sat for some moments weeping, but finally she dried her eyes and began thinking what was to be done.

That de Lincourt fully meant all he had said she was sure, so her wit must save her in a few hours, or she would be forced to choose between the odious Duval and the almost equally hated veil.

She arose from her chair and walked rapidly about the apartment.

Her woman's cunning was at work.

Suddenly she stopped short in her walk, put her hand to her forehead, and bit her lower lip thoughtfully, disclosing as she did so a set of faultlessly white teeth.

Then a tiny smile broke out on her countenance and gradually rippled all over it, until she gave vent to a triumphant laugh.

"*C'est trouve!*" she cried, joyously, "the way is found! Alas, M. Duval, if you would win Therese de Lincourt you must have all the wisdom of Solomon and more than the cunning of the serpent!"

And she sat down at her writing-desk and rapidly penned a brief note. This she carefully sealed and sent immediately to its destination, by a smart-looking page who had been dressed in waiting.

The note was directed to Auguste Dupont.

The unknown scribbler received it as he sat in his attic, planning a sensation play that was to make him rich and famous, and involved in a cloud of thick tobacco smoke.

Mercury stood in the cloud, like some apparition conjured up by magic, and handed the delicate missive to him with a profound bow.

Dupont broke the seal and read as follows:

"*Dear sir*—My father says I must marry your rival to-morrow or take the veil. I have decided to take the veil.

THERESE

The unknown scribbler leaped to his feet, with a suddenness that frightened Mercury into a bound of at least a foot from the floor.

"A thousand thunders!" he vociferated, striding about the narrow chamber and brandishing the letter theatrically above his head.

Mercury hurriedly retreated into a corner muttering:

"He's got 'em—he's got 'em! I always thought he'd get 'em—he took so much beer!"

"Wretch," cried Dupont, following him and taking him fiercely by the shoulder, "what do these lines mean?"

"Lines to me?" gasped the boy. "I didn't write 'em nor yet read 'em."

"Ha!" screamed Dupont, letting go the terrified lad and commencing violently to put on his coat and hat. "This is some vile concoction of that villain Duval! I'll go put my sword through him this instant."

And snatching a rusty foil that hung on the wall, amid an array of nevrachaums, he wrapped it in an old copy of *Figaro*, and rushed down stairs.

Mercury crept into the street, and vanished in a twinkling.

On reaching the Hotel de Lincourt he faithfully reported to his mistress all he had seen and heard.

Therese laughed.

"The plot works," she cried.

Meanwhile the infuriated Dupont plunged madly through street after street, and dived into *cafe* after *cafe* in anxious search for the destroyer of his peace; and everywhere he created so marked a sensation, that, had he been performing in one of his own plays at the theatre, instead of being engaged in hunting up an adversary in real life, he must have assuredly established his histrionic reputation on too firm a basis to be ever after shaken by the winds of prejudice.

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

Young ladies between sixteen and twenty-five cannot be expected to understand this curious machine called "the world;" a competent knowledge of which is often not obtained until we are too old to make use of it. The following hints, therefore, may not be unacceptable or without their use:

All fish are not to be caught with the same bait nor with the same hooks—neither are all men to be caught by the same means and measures. Some young gentlemen are of the gudgeon species; they are captured without much trouble—others are of the mullet family; they are not to be taken without a great deal of manœuvring.

Neither of these sorts make the best husbands; for if a man has not sense enough to discover artifice, or to despise it when it is discovered, he is scarcely worth the trouble which must be employed in captivating him. Plain dealing is the best policy in matters of love and courtship, as well as in everything else.

Elegant accomplishments, music, painting, dancing, etc., are often considered as the strongest attractions to young men who are in search of a partner for life, and yet, perhaps, a good husband is seldom obtained by dancing, drawing, or singing. These things are well enough if substantial, like the bow-window behind by themselves they are all dessert and no dinner.

Young ladies should be recommended not to lay too much stress on these accomplishments—few of them can hope to become eminent in such elegant arts—and gentlemen who attend operas, theatrical dances, and exhibitions of paintings, are not likely to be overwhelmed by a mere amateur display of skill in the parlor, boudoir, or ball-room.

Do you wish your husband to be a man of sense or a coxcomb? If the first, hold every species of affectation in dread and abhorrence. Help, if possible, what you would wish to appear, but never attempt to seem what you are not. Don't be ashamed of wealth by dressing meanly, nor of poverty by a very common folly, and one replete with meanness.

If a female can reconcile it to her conscience to deceive a man in order to be his wife, she will probably be willing to deceive him on that ground also in after days.

Some, with strong reason, think a primary object, on marrying, should be to get rid of circumspect in such matters. If you wish to get married and to marry well, keep not too much company, nor be too often away from home; all public places are to be avoided, study to be amiable, and merely to seem so; give attention to domestic economy, avoid extravagance in all things, cultivate your mind, shun all levity and improper means, or by any kind of deception or artifice. Matrimony is too serious and permanent a thing to be trifled with.

TEARS.

Properly handled, tears are the most efficient weapons a woman can wield, her arms of defence as well as of attack. With tears she can ward off any blow, and vanquish all resistance. Whatever may be her object in life—or for the moment—a new dress, for example, or a carriage and pair, or an opera box, or a husband, there is nothing so well-fitted to accomplish it as a judicious tear—a tear in season. In courtship especially, when the wooer, as unfortunately sometimes happens, is slow to come to the point, a few tears will help him to say (to use no vulgar an expression, "bring him up to the scratch" when nothing else will. But in this department of weeping, ladies will be pleased to remember that quantity is everything. The tear must be shed in the nick of time. Some ladies weep too soon, and thus quench the nascent spark before it has burst into flame; others too late, when it has flickered and gone out. The art is to catch the happy mean, too weep when the iron is hot. Thus many a husband has been caught who would otherwise be wandering fancy free, or perhaps, married to another woman.

Hitherto we have been writing as though weeping were entirely a woman's weapon. But the "manly tear" deserves likewise a word of notice. The "manly tear" is at once a most useful friend and a most insidious and dangerous enemy. For the whole tribe of ne'er-do-wells and the like, the "manly tear," when called upon, is always ready to do yeoman's service. Every man who has ever engaged in battle, a bout, and no visible bones of contention, should cultivate the "manly tear." It will often enable him to live pretty comfortably at other people's expense.

Great skill goes to the shedding of the "manly tear." On no account must it be permitted to shed itself. Once it begins to trickle it ceases to be "manly," and loses more than half its effect. The "manly" weeper is well aware of this, and though perhaps weeping from house to house during a whole afternoon, he never lets a tear actually fall of his own accord. The method of procedure is this: as he approaches the harrowing point of his story, he gathers his tear in his eye till it is quite full—the eye that is next his victim. He then gives a sort of cough or grunt, which serves the double purpose of calling the victim's attention, and of giving the tear a shake which makes it tremble right at the edge of the eyelid. Then, just as it is about to overflow —suddenly, as if he had only just thought of it—he raises his hand and rubs it roughly away with the back of it, sometimes almost uttering some expression of impatience, such as "Pah!" "Pshaw!" "What an idiot I am!". In this way many a five-dollar note has before this been wept away.

The peculiarity we have just noted is not the only thing in which the "manly tear" differs from the feminine. There is, moreover, the further distinction that whereas the feminine tear may be successfully shed once and once again in the same company, the "manly tear" can never be used twice on the same person. This, at least, is the general rule; there are, of course, exceptions. When caught weeping a second time the shedder of the "manly tear" runs great risk of being charged with "humbug."

To shed the "manly tear" with full effect one ought to possess a manly stature and appearance. Tall, brawny men, past middle age, with shaggy beards, iron complexions, and bald heads, men who look as if they had struggled valiantly with adverse fate, and only succumbed in the last extremity, are the great adepts at the "manly tear." Old soldiers, bronzed with Eastern suns, often shed it splendidly, so do old sailors and weatherbeaten men generally.

It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities men do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them. The light of a good counsel is that which setteth business straight.

CONSOLATION FOR THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.—Better that the light cloud should fade away into heaven with the morning breath, than travail through the weary day to gather in darkness and end in storm.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Of all loathsome diseases Catarrh stands pre-eminent. Who is there in existing so disgusting to himself as to others. And the most humiliating of all is the consciousness that his presence is offensive to those around him. If any disease deserves the name of universal, it is this. Disturbed as the human nature fashion imposes upon us tend to foster and disseminate it. To the pitiful cry of life's victims, *is there any cure for Catarrh?* there is but one answer consistent with Christian reason. God has never placed man on earth and called for which he has not sent the remedy. For the greatest of all wasting diseases, Consumption, the Great Physician has prescribed a potent and never-failing remedy. He has given explicit rules for the treatment and preservation of the spiritual and moral man, but He is silent in all matters relating to the physical man. It would be an unwarrantable detraction from His beneficent character to suppose that He has afflicted the greater portion of humanity with an incurable disease. The day of plagues is past. The God of Christianity is a God of Love, of Mercy. His message is "good will to all men." The wealth and all contained therein was intended by the great Designer to supply man's wants and surely he has no greater waste than remedies for his infirmities. Science is rapidly proving that the earth is filled to supply man's uttermost need. New medicinal plants are constantly being discovered and their properties developed from those already known. For Catarrh, the fame of which has already spread to Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its efficacy has been tested in many thousand cases with uniform success. Cases that had been repeatedly pronounced incurable, readily yielded to it. In confirmed, or obstinate cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be taken in connection with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Full directions in Pierce's Memorandum Books. For sale by druggists.

"BLEST IS THE BRIDE THAT THE SUN SHINES ON."

Ah, yes! 'tis a very old saying, no doubt;
But courting is old, they say;
Yet lovers still woo, and hasten to say "Yes,"
In just old, sweet, timeld way.

And never a maiden goes trustingly forth
To the altar, by her chosen one's side,
But gives thanks if the beautiful sunshiny
Blesses the morning that sees her a bride.

Ah! day of all days, with its smiles and its
tears,
With its orange-wreathe, fading, but sweet;
Ah! day of all days, when the pathe are so
bright
That loom for the jubilant feet.

Bright eyes may grow dim, and glowing
cheeks fade,
Snow may fall on the sunniest hair,
But never a heart will grow sober or sad,
That ever love's blessings can share.

Yes, "blest is the bride that the sun shines
on!"
But thrice blest are the wives who can say—
"Love's sunlight that gladdened my bridal
morn
Grows brighter and brighter each day."

Aye, bless each fair bride, and hallow the
day,
Envelope with favors and flowers,
But crown the glad homes where love's beni-
sons wait
Old age, and its calm, silvery hours.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Wrong from the Grave," "Husband to Which," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 36. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET INTERVIEW.

To say that Castleton Vane was astonished on recognizing the mysterious and disagreeable agent of Mr. William Whitfield, whom he had believed to be still occupied with the affairs of "Swallow's Nest," would but feebly express the emotion which he experienced.

There was something more than mystery; there was, as Castleton Vane on sober reflection could perceive, cause for absolute alarm, if not for himself, at least for the interests of his client, in this evident surveillance, and the equally palpable desire to escape observation and even recognition.

That some cowardly and villainous scheme was afloat, he did not for a single moment doubt, else why should not Mr. Miles Gay have sought him out, as it would have been only natural for him to do, and inform Iola or himself of the arrangements which he had made, that could thus have enabled him to dispose of John Whitfield's estate, and to follow, so much more rapidly than he had expected, in their footsteps.

Unfortunately for Castleton he had not as yet identified Miles Gay and his travelling companion, Ned Scott, as one and the same person, and consequently he was forced to conclude that some more hurried journey had enabled the former to overtake them on their route, for some sinister purpose.

He was young, and therefore to a great extent inexperienced in the ways of the world. Reared, as he had been, by one whose example and precepts had been of really as lofty a type as those of Markham Denison, he could not have been expected, let his natural quickness be ever so great, to know the extent of villainy often found even in the bosoms of men who are not ranked with the worst order of their species, and consequently, as we have said, the new *role*, which Miles Gay had adopted, under the alias of Ned Scott, had completely hoodwinked him for the present.

"I shall force him to an interview," muttered Castleton, angrily; "and try, if possible, to demand from him an explanation of such conduct. That he is leagued with young Whitfield and Malvern Cushing to defraud Miss Dare out of her inheritance—if villainy can accomplish it—I make no doubt; but what can he hope to gain by striving to remain incog.? He will be compelled to pardon my intrusion when I offer as an excuse the desire to hear from far and dear friends whom he has seen since our departure."

In a moment he had mounted the steps and was likewise knocking vigorously at the door. It was some time before there were any evidences from within that he had been heard, until finally the tottering steps of an old man, were distinguished advancing down the bare passage, and when the bolt had been withdrawn a shrunken, toothless, wicked face appeared in the half open doorway.

"Vat ish dat vot you wansht?"

"I want to see Mr. Miles Gay, the man who came in at this door but a moment before I knocked."

"No, ich nicht furstand?"

"Hark you," said Castleton, by this time thoroughly irate, "I will make you understand me in five seconds, with the word thrashing you have ever had in your life, if you do not answer me and take a message to the man I want to see."

Despite this fierce ebullition of young blood, the stolid German was about to close the door again in his face, when maddened beyond every consideration of prudence, Castleton Vane sprang forward in the twinkling of an eye, and seizing the villain by the arm, presented a pistol to his head.

"Speak, you dog!" he said, "I'll put you beyond the power of understanding, in good earnest."

Desperate acts of homicide were not so common here, but that the old man grew fearfully alarmed in an instant, and growing yet more shriveled and wan, began to tremble as though he were about to fall to the floor.

"Mine Got! what is dat you say? I answer you wit' out der pistol. What is dat you wansht to know?"

"Ah! you can speak a little English, I see," said Castleton, without relaxing his hold. "Now take me at once to the man who has just entered this door."

"What man?"

The pistol seemed threatening again, when the man lifted his hand once more in abject fear.

"Oh, for de lub of de goot Got, don't shoot! What for you take de life of an ole man what done you no harm? What has never seen de like of you before? Tell me what you mean? I been in mine kitchen, and so many folk come in and out, I neber tell what you mean."

"I mean a man calling himself Miles Gay," said Castleton, slowly. "A man who has recently been to the East and has just got back."

"Miles Gaie, jhust got pack from de east. I know no such man. Oh, mine Got, I musht tie because I don't know one man, and because he no come to mine house! If dish be one free countsrie may de imps of tyranny take me pack to mein fadersland."

His terror and anxiety seemed now so genuine that Castleton removed his grip to the arm, and giving him a vigorous shake, said: "Let me see the man who has just come in; a man with black eyes, and a nose something like your own; a man better dressed than the majority of your visitors. I am losing patience again, and I want you to take me to his room at once."

"Mine Got, he had no room here. There is no nose, with plack eyes like mine, in dish country. You search mine house. You go to every room from kitchen to garret, you find no such man. You can see all mine poarters, but two in de par room, and den you may look into all de rest. You come mit me."

Castleton Vane, concluding that Miles Gay might be known under an *alias* here, and that the seemingly stupid foreigner might not be really in ignorance of the fact, concluded to take him at his bidding and follow him in.

Looking into the bar-room he beheld quite a variety of ill-looking individuals with glasses in hand, or, yet farther on, bending over a billiard table, but neither here nor in any of the rooms into which he looked did he see cognizant of the whole affair. Curbing his angry impatience, however, he walked out at the door, with no increase of good humor from the fact that, as things had resulted, he was conscious of having cut but a bad figure by his intrusion.

"I shall keep a close watch on that den of thieves," he muttered, "and if I find them in unlawful league here, they shall rue the day that ever they harbored a man of whom I had come in pursuit."

He now turned up on to the little tavern at which his party had stopped, and inquired of Mrs. Grimshaw if Miss Dare was yet ready to make her appearance.

"Bless you," she replied, with alacrity, "my dear young lady awoke nearly an hour ago, and after taking a little dinner, seemed so delighted with the country around here that I should have attracted her if I can't see—that she declared she must put on her hat and take a little walk."

"Did any one go with her?"

"No, she never requested it, and so did I, thinking she might be afraid; but she gave something like one of her old, merry laughs, and started off."

"What direction did she take?"

"Down the street, sir, from here. That is all I can tell you."

"How long has she been gone?"

"Half an hour, or thereabouts, sir."

Castleton turned back again with an anxious look that he could not repress.

"Was this prudent?" he thought. "In a settlement like this, where a woman of any refinement or delicacy of appearance is seldom or never seen, she may be rudely slurred at, spoken to, or insulted. She must consider me justifiable in going in quest of her, I am sure. Yet what could have been her reason for objecting to have one of her companions accompany her?"

While Castleton Vane is pursuing the irregular so-called street in a wrong direction, we will return to Iola Dare, who, having equipped herself for a walk, as Mrs. Grimshaw had stated, had gone with considerable nervous trepidation, now that she was out of sight of those who were disposed to annoy her, at varying expression of her sorrowful countenance, in the direction which had been laid down for her so emphatically in the note which she had that morning received from Mr. Denison, that something might have happened, in this country of almost hourly adventures, to disappoint her pursuer, and that she might yet have a little liberty return to her room again, without the dreaded interview, after having justly performed her part of the stipulation, when she beheld the odious form of Miles Gay, and stated form of the man who had been occupying her thoughts for the last hour, to the exclusion of every other object, coming towards her.

"Why, Miss Dare, you are for once a woman has shown herself punctual to the appointed time," he said something roughly even to her. "I was afraid I should have to wait."

"Pray do not place anything to my credit for that," she returned with a curve of her pretty red lips, for her spirit was up. "A note was given me in communication of the coming up to time, when she is driven, lashed up to it, like a pack horse or any other beast of burden. I would have stayed away altogether if I could, sir."

The man shrugged his shoulders with a quick, impatient gesture.

"But there are some animals, the mules for instance, you know, that refuse to go on no matter how much you try to compel them," he presently said. "You may even in a temper beat them to death, and still they will never have moved—as stupid a thing as ever animal of any species was guilty of. I am glad you are not of that stubborn sort."

"What do you want with me?"

"Softly—softly, ma belle. We will 'wander by the river's side,' and then I'll tell you as we chat confidentially together; and in the meantime how did you manage to escape your numerous friends? It must have been by the skin of your teeth, for your young admirer could have been hanging close upon yards behind you when you came out."

"It was by prevarications that were nearer falsehood than I like to deal in," replied Iola coldly. "I could silence my attendants because they have no right to gainsay my moods, but if my guardian had been there, I might indeed have had more trouble to escape."

"How many guardians does the law allow a woman?" he asked insinuatingly, bending over down into her pretty face with a wicked look at her side, while the girl colored to the roots of her hair and flashed a look of angry defiance back at him. "I thought when she took one—"

"Cease!" she exclaimed imperiously, lifting her hand as if in repulsion, yet with a dignity that, villain as he was, he could but admire, "utter not another word upon this subject, unless with my permission, and by the heavens above us, I will turn back and expose your whole iniquitous scheme to Mr. Castleton Vane, let the consequences be what they may."

"If you are anxious to sacrifice your life and his to a woman's temper, do so," he replied doggedly. "You would have invoked your own doom in spite of my efforts to save you. But I hope you will speak to me then of your own accord, when we are a little further out of sight and hearing, for it is the one topic upon which I must converse with you."

"Of what avail is it that you should speak to me?" she cried sharply. "Do I not know the whole baleful truth? Have you not been drilling it into my ears at every opportunity of time and place for weeks past? What more can you say?"

"A great deal in a very few words, perhaps. I have warned you before, and I do so now with tenfold emphasis. Send this meddlesome fool, who has undertaken to accompany you, back about her business."

"You know that I cannot," she cried, vehemently. "You know that if I were to insist upon his doing so, he could refuse to take authority with which my Uncle has vested him."

"You think, then, that he may be selfish like the rest of us, and push on, in consideration of the handsome remuneration he is to receive when your affairs shall have been settled according to his desire."

"No, sir, no!" she returned angrily. "I do not calumniate that self he is not thought the worse for him. He wishes to discharge the trust reposed in him faithfully, and to see, if he can, that I am protected."

"And he is ambitious, especially when he thinks that he may secure half a million of dollars by the operation," answered Scott with a sneer.

"How mean you?" she asked sharply.

"This, my dear young lady—or madam, as you may prefer. He does not know of the letter which binds you, and is making calculations upon winning you for his wife."

"Have I not warned you," she interrupted angrily, "that you would broach that subject at your peril? How dare you to work up my calm anger, you, to bind me with chains which I cannot break, and then badger me—madden me with reminders of my thraldom, with every breath?"

"They tell me that at the time you were a not unwilling captive," he returned with that frequent shrug of the shoulders, which seemed to convey such an exaggerated amount of insolence, "and that it was only after your dear father——"

"Hold!" cried Iola, sternly, "again hold in Heaven's name, your tongue! Speak not that noble father's name by taking it upon your lips. I will not hear you."

"I beg your pardon. What a child you are!" cried Mr. Miles Gay angrily. "Were it not for the claims of your handsome cousin Bill, I should certainly enter the lists against this blooming young knight, for your favor, and bring up the steps of the house when, with your delightful enthusiasm, you interrupted me, that you had never shown any serious disposition to repent of your bargain, until you had been run off to another section of country and seen another younger, and, to your taste, even handsomer face."

"False—utterly false, from beginning to end!" returned Iola, with angry emphasis. "What right had they to lead a child of my years into such an iniquitous contract? I was not responsible for the step taken into it without my dear father's consent. And when in rage and terror, he ascertained what my poor crazy mother had done, he hurried me off to the East, to my Uncle's home, whither the reprobate son has never dared to come to claim me until now."

"Your crazy mother, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, yes. No language of a madhouse was ever more insane than she was that day when the forged letter was brought to her, and in very sympathy for her, I yielded to my fate."

"Ta! ta! What a child you are, I repeat," answered Miles Gay, in affected derision. "Your father, young lady, was in the whole affair, though pretending to your mother and to you that he was not."

"Never!" she cried. "My father was truth itself, and he would never have been guilty of such a gross duplicity; and he hurried me off to my Uncle's in the East, where he knew that the guilty son would never dare follow me."

"Few knew," replied Miles Gay, considerably, "that the son had entered into this legal compact with your parents when you were both fourteen, and that he was only to claim you in four years—that is, when you should have reached the maturity of eighteen."

"But, sir, my father assured me that such compulsory compliance on my part would render my obligation null and void, and that I was as free as ever."

"Ha! I marvel that so sensible a man as your father could have talked such gammon; but I suppose he did it to pacify you."

"If it were not so, how came you to tell my Uncle that he was ready to compromise the whole shameful matter?"

"He was. But you have put it out of his power by coming. If you like, I will remember I entreated you not to do so."

"Yes; but my Uncle had exacted a solemn promise from me that I would come; and I should assert my will and claim my rights, and that no one should have authority to interfere."

"Yet you had never told him the little private affair in your life of which we have been speaking."

"No. We unfortunately agreed to spare him this additional knowledge of his son's shame."

"Shame to marry as handsome a woman as you are? I don't see it, even if you were his cousin."

"Forbear!" cried Iola, angrily, half drawing a pistol from the folds of her dress. "Forbear, or, woman as I am, I will shoot you dead at my feet; for such language from you to me is downright insult. Would it not have been a shame—a crying shame —I repeat, even in a stranger to have frightened a weak, nervous woman like my mother into a positive insanity, until like the Hindoo woman she would have hurled me to the bottom of yonder river with even more readiness than she slipped the baleful bond that was henceforth to make a slave of me? But when the man who doomed us both was her own half brother and grandfather to my cousin, league could be too strong to denounce him?"

"You talk well, but I do not see how that is to benefit your position," said Miles Gay, calmly. "You have reached the Rubicon, which, when once crossed admits of no retreat. I have brought you out here to ask you for the last time if you will yield to the offered hand."

"State them to me again. Let me hear them," she exclaimed, with bitter disdain.

"You have heard them often in Heaven's name!" he answered, doggedly. "Will you turn this young whipper-snapper back from here by to-morrow at the farthest? Will you tell him it is your desire—nay, your express command that he leave you for ever at once and forever? That you know it to be hopeless, Mr. John Whitfield having been non *compos mentis* at the time of commissioning him? Will you say to him that you prefer continuing your journey under my charge, and force him, at all hazards, to turn back? Will you do this?"

"Without assuming him one of the true reasons that might influence me?"

"Yes."

"And I am to go on with you?"

"Yes."

"Never! Never!" cried Iola. "In the first instance, he would consider me mad; and in the next, going among those hated people again, I would not be without his protection for the world."

"But what if it has been sworn that he should never reach there?" exclaimed the man, roughly seizing her by the arm. "That his life will pay the forfeit if he attempts to go with you beyond this place?"

"Then we can perish together," she returned, flashing back at him a look of angry defiance. "But traitors are not brave; you will not dare to commit so bare-faced a murder while there is a court of justice in all the land. I will disclose the whole nefarious plot to him. We will appeal to the government for protection and obtain an escort to protect us to our destination."

"A fig for your government!" he ejaculated, contemptuously. "I could live here for a thousand years and snap my fingers in defiance of it. And as I wrote you, you dare not disobey me."

"Do you defy me?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Yes."

There was another gleam of hellish triumph in his eyes as he looked down at her.

"Then you shall see that a desperate woman may even brave a band of desperate men. I turn back here; and within an hour Castleton Vane shall know the history of my whole life, and how and why he is threatened for taking charge of me."

"Stop!" he thundered in such a tone of command, that her momentary nerve was completely broken down, and she stood cowering, with his rough hand clasping her arm as in a vice.

"You would tell him who I am?"

"—I was mad," she faltered. "I had forgotten that I am powerless."

"Not so glad a thunderbolt

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, May 12, 1877.

AN UNOCCUPIED FIELD.

Just now the post of great American humorist is vacant, and the field of native comic writing may be said to be unoccupied. All the prominent laugh-raisers of the land, who were formerly in turn hive-bees in the hive, have just now retired into the background and our public awaits the coming man. Bret Harte and Mark Twain fell into the rear long ago, before the victorious advance of the *Danbury News* Man and the *Burlington Hawkeye* Man, with their grand army of imitators, and now the new order of things humorous has ceased to charm the capricious public, and the people of the United States are actually without an authorized and accepted jester.

And just here we would say that there is no post in our native literary world more difficult to hold than this same post of popular humorist, for in the matter of comic writing the tastes of our people vary like the wind, and he who is a crowned king of fun to-day, to-morrow may be universally considered but a "barren fool." In fact, of all our famous native humorists, from poor Doesticks, to the *Burlington Hawkeye* man, only one retained his prestige until death claimed him, and it is scarcely necessary to say that that fortunate individual was the lamented Artemus Ward, he of the champion "wax figgers." Whether even he would have kept his popularity unscathed to the present hour, had he lived, is a problem that cannot now be solved, but it is only fair to presume from analogy that he would have gone the way of all the rest of the overlooked humorists.

Who will be the coming man, among the many aspirants for the vacant throne, of course, cannot now be predicted, for it would seem as if a new school of humorous writing would have to be established before the succession can finally be determined. But of this we are certain: the new American humorist, in whatever branch of fun he may shine out, will have to be a man of nerve, and one not liable to be utterly "crushed" when, as must inevitably happen, he is replaced by a fresher idol. Unless the aspirant has these qualifications, we would advise him not to attempt to gain the vacant and unstable throne of the star comic writer of this republic.

OUR SERIALS.

We present in the current number of the Post the initial chapters of "Kiama, the Twin Soul," a weird and absorbing tale founded upon the mysteries of spiritualism. Those who remember the advent of Bulwer's "Strange Story," which dealt so largely and fascinatingly in psychological wonders, will also recollect the wide-spread sensation it caused. It is as yet too early to undertake to predict how the public will receive "Kiama," and it would, perhaps, be presumptuous to assert that we expect a success for it in any way approaching that of Bulwer's magnificent romance. We can, however, safely, prophesy that it will prove a source of pleasurable entertainment to our many readers. "Kiama" is a story out of the beaten track of fiction, and will be found to grow more and more interesting, exciting and artistic as it proceeds. Our second serial, "What Will They Do With Him?" is progressing finely, and bids fair to become the most popular of all Mrs. Woodson's many excellent romances. The thorough insight it gives into the daring and nefarious practices of the border ruffians shows the talented authoress' full acquaintance with her subject. With these serials, which will, in their turn, be succeeded by others of equal interest, and our usual large budget of short stories, poems and miscellaneous articles, we feel confident that we shall be thoroughly able to please all tastes, and to make the Post one of the most interesting and desirable family journals in the land.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

A great deal of attention is being given to the topics of house decoration and art connected with home surroundings. It is evident that we are beginning to take a keen interest in esthetic comfort and the moral effect of art culture. It is well that it is so. Nothing is so necessary as the demands of taste, when taste conforms to mental health. A room without pictures is a prison; a mantelpiece without ornament is a monstrosity; and we are sure to have the fact impressed on us sooner or later, if our nerves are out of condition, or we are bed-ridden with fever. Then the furniture and appointments of our chamber become almost intolerable, unless they are tasteful. Even a wood-cut, clipped from a "weekly," stuck on the wall, makes a room look better and cosier than bare paper-hanging can make it. A woman's taste can convert a dismal cell into a redolent bower of comfort. Add here and there a knick-knack, a picture, a bit of bric-a-brac and a few flowers, and the thing is done; but only a woman knows how to manage it.

It is idle to talk of civilizing a people who cannot comprehend the value of the beauty of things for beauty's sake, for, as the poet says: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and "a joy forever."

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

We notice with pleasure that our various book publishers are beginning to look with interested eyes on the field of French fictional literature. This is as it should be, and we sincerely hope that the result will be the reproduction in this country, in an English dress, not only of all the current Paris literary successes, but of many of the thousands of masterpieces in the way of French novels that are now utterly unknown to Americans, even by name. There is a prevailing impression among American readers that all French romances are so shockingly immoral as to be unfit for reading in the family circle, and to this impression is due the prejudice that has for so long placed them under the ban in this country. Now whilst it is undoubtedly true that there are many immoral fictions in the French tongue, we think we may safely claim that there are fully as many of the same hurtful kind current in the English language, which are the work of English and American writers. The trouble is that unscrupulous publishers in the past have purposely selected the most morally wretched productions of the scum of Paris literary hacks, had them translated, and presented them to the world of American readers, who have thoughtlessly grown to consider them as representative works, when, in reality, they are not so in the least. The publication of translations of a few of the novels written by really representative French writers would forever set calumny at rest, and, moreover, would show our people how much magnificent reading they have lost by being kept for so long in ignorance of the true character and merit of French fictional literature.

There is nothing more injurious to the average mind than desultory reading, as it thoroughly unfits an individual for the proper enjoyment and appreciation of anything literary. Sir Walter Scott complained bitterly that, in his younger days, he nearly destroyed his critical judgment by reading in this manner, and roving from book to book without system or thought. The proper way to read is to select a certain line of works, bearing on a certain line of thought or matter, and follow them up, persistently and clearly reasoning the while on what has been read. In this way, and this way only, can a reader hope to derive profit from the works to which he gives his attention. If the works chosen for perusal be fiction, it is advisable to arrange them according to the various phases of life to the exposition of which they are devoted, reasoning and comparing with parallel scenes in the actual world.

It may be a useful thing to know that Chinamen, who are usually considered among the most honest people on the face of the globe, will, in many instances, steal on or about their New Year's day, and the most curious phase of the matter is that the stealing is invariably done to procure money with which to pay debts, as it is a cardinal maxim with the exiles from the Flowery Kingdom that all their indebtedness must be cleared up on that day. With this knowledge, perhaps it would be well for those who have their washing done by the Celestials to keep a strict watch upon their garments about the time that John Chinaman's New Year's day comes around. Verily, verily, every hour would seem to clearly demonstrate Bret Harte's assertion that

"For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar!"

It is expected that the Permanent International Exhibition will bring many visitors to this city during the approaching summer months, and will, besides, prove a great attraction to our resident citizens. It is highly proper that the people from all parts of the land should feel a decided interest in this exhibition, and should prize it as an out-growth and memorial of the past Centennial.

It may not be generally known, but it, nevertheless, was a part of William Penn's plan that the Delaware front of this city should be open from the river to the upper side of Front street, thus leaving a magnificent green bank or promenade all along where the commercial warehouses of Delaware Avenue, Water street and the lower side of Front street now stand. This would have made a delightful place to stroll in of a summer evening, but it would have been fatal to important business interests.

Never was there a more mistaken idea than that people can do without their story paper during the summer months, when absent from home in the country or at the watering-places. The story paper is very valuable in the winter season, to be sure, but, to our mind, it becomes doubly attractive when one is away from home in the hot months and dullness reigns in fashionable circles, where talk grows wearisome and good reading is a luxury.

"FROM HIS LOVING MOTHER."

BY REV. CECIL MOORE.

Only a name; but a mother's hand
Writes not in pertaining faithless sand;
Back from the tomb of long-buried years,
Like memories far too deep for tears.

Only a name; but 'tis writ in gold,
For the hand that fashioned the word is cold.
Spell-bound on the writing the eyes will fall,
As the Persian gazed on the warning wall.

Yet the gaze shall leave nothing of doubt or fear,
It appeals to the heart with a voice from the dead,
And the dear loved characters stand in proof
A truth never doubted, a mother's love.

Such love as she might to a creature of earth,
She gave to her child when she gave him birth;
And, perchance, from the bright spirit-world her eye
Still marks how he moulds his destiny.

Yes, hushes her harp and with baited breath
Prays for him in their fear and their death;
And if tears from the earth could dim angels' eyes,
Here are his griefs with his victories.

Cacoethes Scribendi;

OR,

The Troubles of a Genius.

BY DR. WM. E. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTHDAY OF "A GENIUS."

Though I could hear, I did not hear a word, and though I could speak, never a word of thanks gave I to my fosterers. I was "an angel," "a darling," and though bearing no resemblance to anything under the sun, being no more or less than a little lump of lace, linen, and furbelows, yet I was beyond a doubt in the minds of the doting female relatives and friends, who vied with each other in fondling, and caressing me, the most wonderful little fellow the world ever saw. Ah! dear! that was thirty-five years ago to day, and what was everybody's darling then, is the darling of but few now.

"He will be a 'ganius' like his father," said Grandma Mungun. The worthy gentleman, who had the honor to bear my name before I did, was a physician in large practice in the City of Dublin, Ireland, and had written voluminous volumes on surgery and pharmacy, which, I am sorry to say, took more money out of the family treasury, than they put in.

"He'll niver write a work aquel to the 'Diagnosis Hernia Omphalocele,' said Doctor O'Donohue, a great admirer of my paternal progenitor.

"I trust to gracious he never will," came from the sweet lips of a pale lady, extended in a half reclining attitude, on a sofa near the fire.

Ah, dear mother, you knew all about it. The weary, weary hours spent in wasting the midnight oil, over the idols that kept you from the company and companionship of your own—my poor, dear, father.;

"Praise the saints, he'll be a Bishop if he lives," said my Reverend Uncle, the Parish priest of Butterstown.

"Divil a Bishop or prasie, either, for that mather," responded the Doctor; "being a brother-in-law of O'Brien Mungun, his genius will niver run in *that* direction."

Now the O'Brien Munguns, of Ballyracket, County Down, were notorious the world over for their love of the three W's, to wit: Wine, Wit, and Women, and this unfortunate allusion to the family failing caused the worthy prelate to raise both hands in pious indignation, and brought a storm of wrath, from the ladies down on the poor Doctor's devoted head. What else transpired on this eventful day, I shall not take into a world, which everybody abuses, yet few are willing to quit with resignation, I really do not remember. My dear old nurse and foster mother, Mary Hanlon, who supplied me with the portion I have written, neglected to furnish any more. Nor would I have written even of this, did I not wish to show the reader that, on good and substantial authority, I was "a genius."

The next epoch in my eventful history comes to me in the shape of a shadowy dream—two coffins, a room full of weeping men and women, and a little curly-headed five-year-old kicking and screaming in the arms of his nurse for the "Ma," and "Pa," which alas! he was never more to behold on earth. I do not wish to be sombre or sentimental, my dear reader, but while writing the few sorrowful lines above, can you blame me if the light grows dim, and a silent tear courses down the cheek and blurs the page I write upon.

Aye, they all went across the shadowy river, while I was yet a child, father, mother, uncles, and aunts—victims to that fearful scourge, which crossed from Asia and desolated and depopulated the "Fair Isle of the Sea," cholera.

I said all; nay, there was one the "blue-faced fiend" left unscathed, my Uncle Jack; and what he was, and why he wasn't worth taking, the reader may infer from the following conversation between himself and my foster mother, Mary, one day when I was turning my fifteenth year:

"I say, must let me have the boy, Mrs. Hanlon."

"In thrath, I'll not, Jack Mungun. It's ashamed of yerself you ought to be entirely. When his dear father and mother (God rest their sowls) left him alone in this wicked, uncharitable world, you sazed everything belongin' to his poor father for the debt you said he owed you. Then, when, when, when the cholera swept away all the poor darlint's relatives, barrin' your own goold-lovin' wazened self, you would have sint the betrayed orphin to the asylum. I saved him from that; I, his nurse and foster mother. He became my child; is my own darlint now, and all the goolden guineas in your ould rusty iron money chist couldn't timpt me to turn him over to yersilf, Jack Mungun, the Fishamble *strate* miser. Take that for accusin, and much good may it do yiz." And so saying, my dear foster mother, with arms akimbo and eyes blazing with honest indignation, invited my uncle to "walk through the hole that was left by the carpenther," and from that day to this I have seen or heard from him.

"The miserly ould rapscallion," said Mother Mary; "if I thought it would benefit the dear gossoon, I would let him have him, but sure and I know its a toilin' slave he'd make of him, on his ould dilapidated farm at 'Beggars' Bush.' Come here, darlint," she said to myself, who stood leaning on the back of a chair, uttering never a word. I approached my dear nurse, and throwing my arms around her neck, kissed her.

"You do not want to lave me, alanah?" sobbed Mother Mary.

"I do not, and never will," I said.

"Niver is a long word, acushla, but we'll live together as long as the good Lord permits."

Next to the love of a mother for her child is the love of the Irish foster mother for the infant committed to her charge. She never forgets it, and if, as in my own case, the infant grows from babyhood to boyhood under her fostering care, that love grows with its years, and ends only when the cold sods of earth lie heavy and dank over the coffin that contains her tender loving heart.

For eighteen years I lived with Mary Hanlon, receiving all the kindness, all the loving endearments that the fondest mother could lavish on a child, and when she died, she left me not unprovided for.

For many years previous to her entering the service of my father, she had been a woman of easy circumstances, a wealthy Irish nobleman who, appreciating her services, had, ere he died, bequeathed her a life annuity of £50 sterling a year. On this comparatively small sum she not only contrived to live very comfortably indeed, but also gave myself a very fair classical education.

"You know, my darlint," she had been wont to say, "your father was a born gintleman, and didn't his riverence, your uncle, say you were a born ganius, and would one day be a credit to the family. So he must rape at school, for larnin' laids to the timple of knowledge and fame. I won't hear of your going to Dublin to larn a thrade. So don't bother me again. We are what you were born and a ganius you must be."

Poor, dear heart; she had a very undefined idea of that word "genius," but imagined that it was the sum total of all that was requisite for prosperity and happiness in this life, and glory in the world to come.

I have said my poor dear foster mother died when I had nearly reached the meridian of youth. I will not inflict on the reader my sorrow; simply saying it was as sincere as it was profound. Out of her annuity she had managed to save about one hundred pounds, and this, with many endearing words of affection and sound and whole some advice, she left me in her last will and testament.

After the last sad ceremonies were performed over her grave, I took passage in a "fly boat" on the Portobello canal, and in a few hours was back, after fourteen years absence, in the city of my birth, magnificent Dublin. Without relatives, without friends, I wandered its beautiful streets day after day—but not forlorn; for I had found that great key that unlocks the doors leading to the chambers of ease, comfort and enjoyment—money. True, it was not much, viewed financially and with worldly wisdom, but to me, inexperienced in the ways of the world, it was a large amount; and with the pride inherent in the blood of the O'Brien Munguns, I held my head as grandly and as any spendthrift "magnifico" in the gay and fun-loving capital of Ireland.

I will not write of my Sunday excursions to the "classic shades" I will not say one word of my attendance at the "balls at the Rotunda," but I will say that had I not been so lavish with the hundred pounds left me by my foster mother, I would not have found myself one day standing at the base of King William's Monument, on Dame street, with only half a crown in my pocket.

"What will I do with it?" I asked myself, scratching my ear in a perplexed mood.

"Buy a rope to hang yourself wid, you omadhaun!" yelled a little Dublin jackeen, who had seen my perplexity and overheard my remark.

"I'll hang you, confound you!" I roared, as I dashed at the jackeen, who, giving a screech like a "banshee," took to rapid flight.

Alas! in charging on the impudent "gossoon," I stubbed my toe against a cobble-stone and fell with considerable force on the hard pavement of the street, the half crown, which I held in my hand, flying towards a place where it was not needed, where millions of its brethern were snugly stowed away—the Bank of Ireland, opposite the monument.

"Bad 'cess to you, for a fool, rising from the ground and shaking my fist at the flying jackeen. "Bad 'cess to you, there goes the last penny I own in the world."

Youth is elastic, and buoyant. "Pshaw!" I said to myself, "tis gone, let it go; am I not a genius? I will now go to work and earn my living. I will—yes—I will write for the papers!"

Ah! fatal delusion.

CHAPTER II.

I BECOME AN AUTHOR.

The loss of my last half crown did not leave me entirely destitute, for I had that last resource of all Bohemians of a large city, viz.—the pawnbroker; and on "My Uncle," (as that important individual is affectionately called by his needy customers) I made frequent calls. I bought paper—a ream of it; I bought quills (steel pens were then unknown) a full gross of them, ink, and then—I sat down in my little attic room on the quay opposite the Four Courts, and steadfastly and perseveringly set about making my fortune.

"Did not the great Sir Walter Scott," I mused, "make a large fortune by the skillful use of his pen? Was not the famous Charley Lever, the very popular 'Harry Lorrequer,' a fortune not only to himself but to his publishers? Does he not pass my place of abode nearly every day in an elegant jaunting car—his own jaunting car—coming from his luxurious dwelling in Mountjoy Square, to view the beautiful French mulberries his men were planting on his silk farm a few miles out of Dublin; all going to show the masterly thoughts flying from his brain to the tip of an old goose quill?"

Thus did I ponder to myself as I wrote, —wrote what the good Heaven only knows —I have forgotten.

Duffy, of the *Nation*, was my first victim. I was his scourge, his daily torment. Fiery articles against the British Government; pasquinades on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; sonnets, songs, madrigals; heavy poetry, and light nothings I poured in daily on the head of the bewildered publisher. My terms were easy, indeed. I only asked £5 for a short article, and if my terms were by the power of some good genius accepted on compulsion, I generously left the matter also by the power of her mystic art have been compelled by a "pass, presto—change!" to transfer the whole contents of the Bank of Ireland into poor Duffy's office to meet the demand.

But no good fairy intervened in my behalf. I received for my labors "only this and nothing more," and I read my name in the criticism column of the *Nation*, and keep it even to this day, for it acts as a safety-valve to my overwhelming vanity:

NOTICE!

If the wretched scribbling idiot, signing himself "Penquin McLarry," who tormented the editors of this paper daily with his senseless ragmarks and balderdash, will call at the office of the *Nation* to-morrow morning at half-past nine, A. M., he will be liberally rewarded with a cold potato and a salt herring.

MARTIN DUFFY.

This was a thunderbolt, and it shook me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot—but did it stop me? Not a bit of it! What editor ever yet successfully coped with the "Scribbling Fiend?" I wrote a tremendous article, and was busily employed sixteen hours in composing and writing it. It scorched him, it blistered him, it utterly and forever annihilated him, and ended with the soul-shocking announcement that I would never, NEVER, TAKE HIS PAPER AGAIN!

My blood was up,—the fiery blood of the O'Brien Munguns. The terrible denunciatory article I had written would not suffice to heal my wounded honor. Bankrupting myself was not sufficient, I must have his blood—his-ee b-l-l-l-lud! Another article of smaller magnitude was written—a challenge—and it peremptorily ordered that unfortunate editor to meet me in the Phœnix Park, two days after receipt, at five o'clock in the morning.

I sent both articles by my little page, (a very ragged one) named Paddy Reilly, to the *Nation* office, and then sank down on my little bed of "five foot feathers"—Paddy's humorous idea of a straw bed—and with fiendish satisfaction I gloated over my dark revenge.

That evening I walked up in the direction of the office. It was closed; shut up from half door to garret window. Ha! had my revenge been so soon accomplished? Had the editor and his whole horde of penny-a-liners, terrified at my just wrath, incontinently fled in their fear and taken passage to the far-off wilds of Australia, had—?

I stepped over to some gentlemen who formed a knot near the hall door.

"What is the matter with the *Nation* ?" I queried.

"Arrested for high treason!" was the answer.

And, while poor Martin Duffy and his bold band of Irish patriots were bolted in from the sweet air of liberty in the foul dungeons of Mountjoy prison;—I walked gaily my way with a great sob rising from my heart, and tears coursing down my paled cheeks, for the *Nation* and its editor had a warm nook in the heart of every Irishman and loved Ireland and Ireland's cause.

Well, I had soared high, and falling, had received a heavy jar, but I was not crushed. I saw plainly that my forte did not lie in politics, polemics, or poetry. What then? Genius had a variety of phases, but only one *true one*. She is a Goddess of Variety—loves strange ways, but she has only one favorite way to woo her people, so do I; Hugo loves the sea, so do I. The style of Hugo must be mine. "O'Brien Mungun, the Irish Hugo!" How grand it would sound! how noble it would look in large type on every dead wall, in large type in the "Literary Notices," in every paper over the whole breadth and scope of Europe, Asia, America, and Africa, for that matter, for had I not seen a favorable notice of Charley Lever in the Madagascar *Gazette*—Madagascar on the coast of Africa.

Ah! I would be famous indeed. I must to work immediately. More paper was purchased. Of ink and pens I still had a store. So at I went—scratch—scratch, with persevering industry and unwearying mind, from early dawn to close of day. Persevering and unwearied industry will conquer, despite of many obstacles, the want of money, and sometimes—pretty often, too, the want of food. My novel was near its last chapter, and the £1000 I determined on asking its publisher —would soon be mine.

But do not think, my dear reader, that while writing my novel the poor persecuted editors of literary papers and magazines had any rest from me, not at all; in spite of multitudinous notices to me in their respective publications, that, "they did not wish any MSS;" in spite of a ton and a half of massive accompanying my returned contributions, stating that "my efforts though praiseworthy were respectfully declined," in sublime disdain of all those polite but determined snubs, I persisted.

As I remarked, my novel was near completion; for the concluding chapters I needed a fishing scene to be vividly laid before the reader's eye, so I determined on visiting the strand at Irish Town during high tide when the fishermen would be out with their boats, and see them at work. To Irish Town I accordingly went, by way of the North Wall—the dividing "breaker" between the Channel leading into Dublin and the town in question. Between the "Wall" and the town was a wide beach or strand, over which the ocean tide poured itself at its appointed time.

As by this time my funds—mostly furnished by the pawnbroker, for various little golden trinkets, souvenirs of better days—had become very limited, i determined to make my excursion one of profit, as well as observation. I therefore took along with me a three-pronged spear, with which I proposed to stick several flounders, a flat fish that comes in with each tide, and delights to float lazily along on the surface of the water, and often burying itself therein. Half an hour's walk brought me to the middle of the "North Wall," and directly opposite Irish Town. It was a lovely evening, the weather warm, and the silvery tide rolled slowly and calmly in over the sparkling sands with a gentle murmuring sound. "Bedad I'll take a swim," I said to myself. Right below me, reached by a flight of stone steps, was a hollowed chamber in the thirty-five foot "Wall." It was built by the government for the benefit of the soldiers who garrisoned the "Pigeon House," a fortress at the extremity of the "Wall." Down the steps I went, and entered the stone chamber, and partially divesting myself of my clothing, took my spear, and a pencil and note-book, and walked into the water. The tide, as I have said, was rising very slowly, and as it scarcely rose higher than a man's waist, I had no need to swim. And now, from "Ring's End" and Irish Town came the "fishers" with their nets. A large crowd, men, women and children. This was their daily occupation, and they were in reality "Farmers of the Sea"—their crops, the multitudes of fish—herring, dace, flounders and bass, which swam in with every tide.

I fished and noted, alternately; that is, every now and then I would glance down into the clear, blue water, and seeing a flounder, pierce him with my spear, and stringing him over my shoulder, I would take my note-book and pencil from around my neck and industriously take items of the doings of the "fishers" around me. Of course no notice was taken of me, for all were dressed alike, save the women, who had over their natural dress a loose wrapper of blue or scarlet cloth. But the very light dress I wore was no protection against the cold, salt waves now gradually rising higher, and, as the evening sun was beginning to wane, getting colder and colder. So I turned my face in the direction of the wall, and to my amazement saw the chamber, wherein were my clothes, half-way under water. I had forgotten that the beach sloped upwards towards Irish Town and Sandy Mount; had forgotten that it was "reaptide," and now, "Mother of Moses!" I was in an awful stew. Just think of it. All I possessed in the wide world, almost every stitch of clothing belonging to me, and all my little valuables, including my father's watch and my mother's wedding-ring, which no degree of poverty could tempt me to part with, were in that cursed hole in the wall, and the cold, cruel, unsympathizing waves were gradually creeping on them to carry them from my sight forever. I was in despair. I was a good swimmer and I swam towards my perishing idols with rapid strokes. No use. When more than twenty feet off, a treacherous little wave dashed with a hiss into the chamber and bounded back, carrying on its foam-capped apex my clothing; and there I swam, my heart in my mouth, dazed and dumbfounded, a wretched, shivering genius.

CHAPTER III.

MY TRUE "DIVINITY."

I could not reach the steps, for the hole or chamber they terminated in was completely covered with water. I had but one alternative, to swim along the wall until I reached "Ring's End," its termination. So I swam along with the flowing tide close to the wall, scraping against barnacles and getting clothed, as I progressed, in a slimy suit of sea weed. At length I reached the end, bottom. I arose upright and clambered up a huge rock near the base of the light-house.

A young maiden was in a stooping attitude, tying her shoe at the base. She looked up and saw the weird, weed-clad figure, holding aloft a three-pronged trident on the rock above her.

"Holy Mother and all the saints deliver me!" she screamed and fainted dead away.

"What a striking item for the closing chapter of my novel," I inwardly mused, regardless of my ludicrous and embarrassing situation.

Verily, genius is a comforting soother to her children in affliction.

A weather-beaten old tar, with a telescope in his hand, came rushing towards me.

"Topsails and thunder!" he roared, as he picked the girl up in his stalwart arms, "what does all this mean?"

"Carry that young lady to the light-house yonder, then come back and I'll explain," I replied, still holding my position on the rock and looking for my clothes in the world like a young merman, just arisen from the depths of the sea.

I will not enter into a detail of the immediately successful transactions, but sum them up in toto. The old tar was the light-house keeper, a retired captain in the merchant service. The young maiden was his daughter, and the niece of the Dublin city family physician, and most esteemed and honored friend. Why, then, should he not look kindly on the ursatic, genius-stricken youth—his self? He did. By his stern command (he assumed the airs of a martinet to disguise the kindly feelings in his noble old heart) I took up my abode at the light-house, to the wonderful look in large type on every dead wall, in large type in the "Literary Notices," in every paper over the whole breadth and scope of Europe, Asia, America, and Africa, for that matter, for had I not seen a favorable notice of Charley Lever in the Madagascar *Gazette*—Madagascar on the coast of Africa.

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As I remarked, my novel was near completion; for the concluding chapters I needed a fishing scene to be vividly laid before the reader's eye, so I determined on visiting the strand at Irish Town during high tide when the fishermen would be out with their boats, and see them at work. To Irish Town I accordingly went, by way of the North Wall—the dividing "breaker" between the Channel leading into Dublin and the town in question. Between the "Wall" and the town was a wide beach or strand, over which the ocean tide poured itself at its appointed time.

As by this time my funds—mostly furnished by the pawnbroker, for various little golden trinkets, souvenirs of better days—had become very limited, i determined to make my excursion one of profit, as well as observation. I therefore took along with me a three-pronged spear, with which I proposed to stick several flounders, a flat fish that comes in with each tide, and delights to float lazily along on the surface of the water, and often burying itself therein. Half an hour's walk brought me to the middle of the "North Wall," and directly opposite Irish Town. It was a lovely evening, the weather warm, and the silvery tide rolled slowly and calmly in over the sparkling sands with a gentle murmuring sound. "Bedad I'll take a swim," I said to myself. Right below me, reached by a flight of stone steps, was a hollowed chamber in the thirty-five foot "Wall." It was built by the government for the benefit of the soldiers who garrisoned the "Pigeon House," a fortress at the extremity of the "Wall." Down the steps I went, and entered the stone chamber, and partially divesting myself of my clothing, took my spear, and a pencil and note-book, and walked into the water. The tide, as I have said, was rising very slowly, and as it scarcely rose higher than a man's waist, I had no need to swim. And now, from "Ring's End" and Irish Town came the "fishers" with their nets. A large crowd, men, women and children. This was their daily occupation, and they were in reality "Farmers of the Sea"—their crops, the multitudes of fish—herring, dace, flounders and bass, which swam in with every tide.

I fished and noted, alternately; that is, every now and then I would glance down into the clear, blue water, and seeing a flounder, pierce him with my spear, and stringing him over my shoulder, I would take my note-book and pencil from around my neck and industriously take items of the doings of the "fishers" around me. Of course no notice was taken of me, for all were dressed alike, save the women, who had over their natural dress a loose wrapper of blue or scarlet cloth. But the very light dress I wore was no protection against the cold, salt waves now gradually rising higher, and, as the evening sun was beginning to wane, getting colder and colder. So I turned my face in the direction of the wall, and to my amazement saw the chamber, wherein were my clothes, half-way under water. I had forgotten that the beach sloped upwards towards Irish Town and Sandy Mount; had forgotten that it was "reap-tide," and now, "Mother of Moses!" I was in an awful stew. Just think of it. All I possessed in the wide world, almost every stitch of clothing belonging to me, and all my little valuables, including my father's watch and my mother's wedding-ring, which no degree of poverty could tempt me to part with, were in that cursed hole in the wall, and the cold, cruel, unsympathizing waves were gradually creeping on them to carry them from my sight forever. I was in despair. I was a good swimmer and I swam towards my perishing idols with rapid strokes. No use. When more than twenty feet off, a treacherous little wave dashed with a hiss into the chamber and bounded back, carrying on its foam-capped apex my clothing; and there I swam, my heart in my mouth, dazed and dumbfounded, a wretched, shivering genius.

CHAPTER III.

MY TRUE "DIVINITY."

I could not reach the steps, for the hole or chamber they terminated in was completely covered with water. I had but one alternative, to swim along the wall until I reached "Ring's End," its termination. So I swam along with the flowing tide close to the wall, scraping against barnacles and getting clothed, as I progressed, in a slimy suit of sea weed. At length I reached the end, bottom. I arose upright and clambered up a huge rock near the base of the light-house.

A young maiden was in a stooping attitude, tying her shoe at the base. She looked up and saw the weird, weed-clad figure, holding aloft a three-pronged trident on the rock above her.

"Holy Mother and all the saints deliver me!" she screamed and fainted dead away.

"What a striking item for the closing chapter of my novel," I inwardly mused, regardless of my ludicrous and embarrassing situation.

Verily, genius is a comforting soother to her children in affliction.

A weather-beaten old tar, with a telescope in his hand, came rushing towards me.

"Topsails and thunder!" he roared, as he picked the girl up in his stalwart arms, "what does all this mean?"

"Carry that young lady to the light-house yonder, then come back and I'll explain," I replied, still holding my position on the rock and looking for them in the world like a young merman, just arisen from the depths of the sea.

I will not enter into a detail of the immediately successful transactions, but sum them up in toto. The old tar was the light-house keeper, a retired captain in the merchant service. The young maiden was his daughter, and the niece of the Dublin city family physician, and most esteemed and honored friend. Why, then, should he not look kindly on the ursatic, genius-stricken youth—his self? He did. By his stern command (he assumed the airs of a martinet to disguise the kindly feelings in his noble old heart) I took up my abode at the light-house, to the wonderful look in large type on every dead wall, in large type in the "Literary Notices," in every paper over the whole breadth and scope of Europe, Asia, America, and Africa, for that matter, for had I not seen a favorable notice of Charley Lever in the Madagascar *Gazette*—Madagascar on the coast of Africa.

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about; that part of it takes years of constant labor—hard-work and plenty of it. Now how could you, a young squireen in only your twentieth year, raised in the country, where you never had a chance to study human nature in person, how could you expect to be able to satisfy the public, who always look for originality and novelty. No, no, my dear boy. You only copied from memory what was written of, long before you were born. The publishers knew this and declined to accept."

"But, Father Carmichael, how could I copy what I had never seen. I assure you, the 'Buccaneers of Bantry Bay' was entirely original."

"Too original, too original, my dear gossoon, and that's the old ex-captain said with a queer smile spreading itself over his storm-beaten face.

It flashed to my mind in an instant. Nearly every sentence I had written in that book was unwittingly memory-stolen from that greatest of sea-novelists, Captain Marryatt, of whom in my boyhood days I was a great reader and admirer.

Much more was said to me by my adopted father on that eventful night, the lovely Mary sitting near the fire sewing and listening never a word. But a wealth of love and sympathy for me, her intended husband, was in her heart, and ever and anon it flashed towards me from the depths of her dark lustrous eyes.

A few more sentences and I am done. I learned that I had to work, to battle with a harsh world for the tender woman I loved, might come in the after years; and work I did, faithful, unremitting work on the deep blue sea.

Prosperity came. I arose to be commander of the Indiaman, I first stepped aboard of as a common sailor. I am now about to leave the prosperous port of the lovely city of Philadelphia for the last time. I have accumulated a wealth, and a lovely, happy wife, three beautiful children, and a hale old ex-captain verging on his seventieth year are anxiously awaiting me in the loved "Emerald Isle of the Sea."

God grant me a prosperous voyage, to which I know my patient reader will fervently respond Amen!

HOW WOMEN DRESS IN PERSIA.

Arnold, speaking of Persian women, in his entertaining work "Through Persia by Caravan," says: "A few women were seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be wonderfully modest in their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees, in a cotton or a silk sheet of dark blue or black—we believe the color it is called, which passes over the head, and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the shoulder is tied around the head a yard long vail of cotton or linen, in which before the eyes, is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The vail passes into the shoulder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors, puts on a pair of trowsers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her out-door costume and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognise her in the street. In this costume the Mohammedan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trowsers are tightly bound about the ankles, above their colored stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture, and slippers with no covering for the feet, complete the unsightly, unwholesome apparel of the uncomfortable victims of the Persian reading of the Koran. The indoor costume of the Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to Europeans. The chudder and trousers, are the invariable walking costume. Indoors, the dress of a Persian lady is more decked up by the precious occupation of fishing. The child is a little thing in a frock, and acts as though bereft of reason. It is a pitiable object. It, cruel to its hands and feet," was the *Examiner and Express*, "and disappears under the bed, when a visitor approaches. If you imitate the bark of a dog, it will answer in kind, and indeed you would be led to believe it was a dog if you did not look at the object. There is not a whole article of furniture in this miserable abode, and the dwellers are surrounded by the most squalid filth."

QUIET GIRLS.

The quiet girl is generally worth studying, and will frequently astonish those who pretend to understand her, by rising to heights when she is considered thither, which are unapproachable to her complacent and courted critics. Yet it may happen that quiet girls of the best type, may lack the tact, the adaptability to deal with which they have no sympathy, the giftness, and that unlimited faith in themselves which must be possessed by those who desire to attract the notice of the more shallow portion of society, who believe in noisy girls. All quiet girls are not endowed with genius and the virtues, for some are simply fools who would be nothing though if they could find anything to say. But we protest against the habit which prevails of slighting quiet girls and speaking ill of them before they have been fairly tried, and of paying sickening homage to the conceited chatterboxes of little moral sense and principle. While noisy damsels will often turn out disgusting housewives, quiet ones will amply repay the time, trouble, or love which anyone may bestow upon them.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—There is in the Hebrew burial service one prayer which is not read by the officiating minister, but by the son of the deceased, or in case there be no son, by some orphan in whom the deceased was interested. At the service for the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, in London, this part of the service was taken by a deaf orphan boy, a pupil in an institution for the teaching of the deaf to speak. The Baroness was largely instrumental in founding two such schools. He recited the prayer, which proclaims "the exaltation of God in that world in which He is to restore the dead to everlasting life," with a very distinct utterance. As he repeated the prayer with the mournful cadence, into which it is said the deaf who are taught to speak naturally fall, this part of a service, always impressive, was most deeply felt in its fervent solemnity.

TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

"The sun will soon set and the evening is fair,
With the moon come, pretty maid, to the grove!
The breeze is refreshing, and balmy the air,
Then far from thy bosom be sorrow and care,
And our converse shall only be love."

"Away!" cried the fair one. "Dost think that with thee
Through the meadow or grove I would stray?
No, no, gentle Colin; my heart is yet free
From love and its troubles, and that thou shalt see,
As, laughing, I trip it away.

"And if I did love, would a shepherd, I trow,
Be the loved one to whom I should plight
My affections?—my hope? No, believe me; I vow
A wealthy young gallant is courting me now—
How charming! I meet him to-night.

"By the side of the wood, near the old ivied mill,"
"And suppose," exclaimed Colin "'tis true;
Though the river be tempting, why, so is the fill,
And if you wont come, there are others that will
So adieu, pretty maiden, adieu!"

"But stay! Perhaps, Colin, the gallant may prove
Unfaithful. I think 'twere as well——"
"To leave him," said Colin, "and take to the grove?
No, no, pretty maiden; the girl that I love
Her love to no other must tell."

So off went the shepherd, and sad was her brow,
But lately so proud and sublime.
Learn hence, pretty maidens, that smile on me now,
That wise though it be t' have two strings to your bow,
You can but use one at a time.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN;

OR,

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relic of better days perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed too, and as she clasps the woman's hand looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now—there is an anguished expression upon it, a care-worn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the dock men, of the stevedores, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig "Good Luck" has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, and that reply is—that the brig "Good Luck" has not come in, but they have too much humanity to tell her that this same brig "Good Luck" has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—nevermore!

If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for this woman and her child have supreme faith—feel as sure as God rules that the brig "Good Luck" will come in and come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question, and praying the same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way among the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig's owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another as much as to say, "Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad! Yes, she is mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Selter, master of the brig "Good Luck"—to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of this child. God of Heaven, why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the 'Good Luck' in yet?" she asks of a clerk.

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She's expected, of course, to-day?"

"Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

"Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am," says the clerk, relaxing into his calculations, and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is heart-rending, says:

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the 'Good Luck.' I see the figure-head; the figure-head of the 'Good Luck' is an angel—a white and gold angel. No! no! that isn't it."

"But papa will come home soon, won't he, mamma?" whispers the child.

"Yes, yes, yes! To-day, my darling, to-day."

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk and approaching the woman, says in a kindly tone:

"Mrs. Selter, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here; give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Selter."

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is tired—she has been walking too much."

"Mamma, I don't mind walking to find father. I'm not tired."

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms about his neck and exclaims:

"You'll tell my papa to come soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who went down in their service. It was not much of a stipend being only half pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Selter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the 'Good Luck' will be in—to-day?"

"Certainly it will! What's to hinder it?" he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking a drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then he goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over.

Click—clickity click! goes the magic instrument, repeating its dot and dash message.

"Hear that?" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell her."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face flushed with emotion—some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

"There, Mrs. Selter, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh! I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much."

"There, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candies with." He puts into her tiny outstretched palm a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

"Now, Mrs. Selter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton here, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements here for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there now. Everybody's dined. Go down there, and ask Mr. Pelton to oblige me," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, "to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that."

Then, gaining a moment, as [illegible] and philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind:

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up into my room. Observe that's better!" The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the telegraph operator.

"Send this message at once, Mr. Lindley, if you please." He writes something and the operator clicks it off at once. It's a long message, a very long message indeed, but the President's message itself is not so important, so interesting, to those whom it concerns.

Then, by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Selter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the weary child, that she may eat also.

Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now, you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night."

"No, no!" exclaims the mother. "I must have my Ellie with me always, sir! You are so very good, though, sir—so very good! And is there no news of the 'Good Luck?'"

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say."

"It can't be possible. The brig *must* come in to-day."

"I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Selter."

"I know you do," she responds, with a sigh.

"Now go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can't help it."

"Come, Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child, with a start, awakes and cries: "is it my papa? Dear, dear, papa!"

Then seeing her disappointment, she bursts into tears.

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry. The brig will come in—the brig will come in! Don't cry!" the good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down the stairs, and helps both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfmen, and again receives only the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks:

"Has the brig 'Good Luck' come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait for Tawman, and sits down.

When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual, he greets her very kindly and kisses the little girl, and says:

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet."

"Will it be in to-day?"

"I hope so." And he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has not been long engaged in his correspondence, when a scream from the woman startles him.

She has risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Here is a ship coming in—look! look!"

"That's not it," says a clerk. "That's a schooner."

"Oh, no!" adds Mr. Tawman. "That's not the 'Good Luck.'"

"It is! it is!" She darts from the office dragging the child after her, runs across the crowded street, across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster about the window to watch her.

"The woman is mad," says one. "She's going to drown herself!"

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator:

"It's the 'Mary I.'"

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Selter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people, waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers.

"Look! look there! There's a man overboard!" cries one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

"Thunder!" exclaims Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that mean?"

"He's swimming like a fish," says a clerk. "He has landed. Hark at the cheers!"

"God of Mercy! look! look!" shouted the operator. "She is hugging him—so is the little girl. It's Captain Selter!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and pray Heaven she may not sink under the shock! Poor woman! How she clings to the drenched man. Dear! Dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs down stairs like a boy and darts over to where husband and wife and child are, united and happy.

"The 'Good Luck's' come in!" yells Tawman lustily.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the Captain by the hand and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him, "this is 'good luck,' my boy, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

When the man can speak he answers: "Yes."

"I planned it all," chatters old Tawman. "You see, I got a despatch, yesterday, from the Breakwater, saying that Captain Selter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner 'Mary,' bound in, and that you were coming up by rail from Lewes. I telegraphed back word for you to come up in the schooner, for a certain purpose. The shock would have been worse to her, if I hadn't. I told her when I got her in the car yesterday, that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, Cap, we'll have a talk about business. Come on!"

Boys that have been properly reared are men, in point of usefulness at sixteen; while those that have been brought up in idle habits are nuisances at twenty-one.

THOSE men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.

CAUGHT IN A FAMILY JAR.

BY MARY RUSSELL.

I, that is "little Miss Ray, the Schoolmarm," according to the village parlance, had just reached my boarding place. Glad to lay aside the mantle of awful dignity by which all day I had kept in check that irrepressible body of life and mischief called a school, I entered the neat sitting-room and threw off my hat and settled myself in an easy chair with the satisfied air of the weary.

How grateful the stillness of the empty room seemed to my rasped nerves and tired faculties. Rocking softly to and fro in my chair until lulled by the restful motion, I forgot the cares and trials of my work-a-day life, and my thoughts wandered off into the lonely school-ma'm's heaven—dreamland.

I had just reached some airy height of bliss, when an ominous sound broke the stillness that reigned through the house. It was something between a sob and a groan and brought me back to realities with rude celerity. Starting to my feet, it suddenly occurred to me that Mrs. Searle and family had not made her appearance. Being a chatty little woman, she generally met me at the door, eager to impart some information in regard to the outgoings and incomings of her neighbors, and I felt quite sure that something had happened. Thoroughly alarmed, I began to search the house. Anon the muffled sob or groan reached my ear, but it was too indistinct to guide me as to its direction.

I had made the tour of the lower rooms, and had opened the stair-door, when the sounds became loud and distinguishable. They proceeded from an upper chamber, and were caused by violent sobbing.

I flew up the stairs and the next instant beheld Mrs. Searle prone upon the bed, her face buried in the pillows and her whole attitude expressing sone racking grief.

"Why, what's the matter?" I anxiously questioned, for I knew that Mrs. Searle was not of that fine, sensitive fibre which is wounded by every rough act or tone, and therefore I was sure that something serious had occurred.

Her only answer was a sob of greater magnitude.

"What is the matter?" I repeated in alarm, trying to smooth her disheveled hair. "Has anything happened to your husband?"

"My husband—the—wr—wretch!" she gasped, with choking vehemence.

"Ah, another family jar!" I mentally ejaculated, and stood quite silent, determined not to allow my sympathies to be caught therein.

During my few week's sojourn with this worthy couple, the calm of their home had frequently been disturbed by such jars in a less violent form. Hitherto, I had kept a strict neutrality and resisted the attempts of either party to engage my sympathy.

It is a fact, at which I have often wondered, that a quarrelsome couple are always eager to drag a third party into their tangles. Experience has convinced me that this third party is used for a scape-goat to bear the burden of their united sins.

"He has abused me—has insulted me!" the angry woman continued after a few moments, when her violent emotion had spent its force and left her tongue untrammeled.

Still I was silent.

"Ah," she cried reproachfully, sitting up and looking at me with her face pitifully disfigured by passion and tears, "you think it is nothing—you don't know what it is to have a husband turn against you and take sides with his folks. Now is that right?"

"No; that is neither right nor manly," I answered, with warmth. "God has commanded that man shall forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife."

"It isn't George's fault," she answered, with wifely inconsistency. "He would be all right if it wasn't for his mother and sister. They know just how to get around him, and are always trying to set him against me."

"His mother seems such a simple, well-disposed, little old lady; surely she cannot be guilty of such an act?"

"She's awful sly; but I've found her out to my sorrow. I tell you she's a regular old witch and that sister is a vixen! I see you don't believe me; you think it's just my spite; but if you only knew how cruelly they've treated me!"

"It's too bad!" I said, and with this rather vague bit of sympathy, I made some excuse to go down stairs.

"Don't go yet," she pleaded. "You need a little rest. Come, sit here beside me, and I will tell you some of my trials."

I could but obey.

"You see," she went on in a low voice, "that's George standing out there; but after George and I were married, she seemed wonderful clever, and coaxed us to farm the place on shares. I finally consented to do so for the first year, and paid dearly for my folly, too; for that creature tried to kill me!"

"What!"

"Yes; it's gospel truth. I had a long spell of sickness that winter, and she tried to starve me. George was away working in the village and I could not help myself. Oh, you don't know what I endured with hunger gnawing at my vitals, and that old witch purring around me, making believe it was for my good that she was keeping victuals from me. Once I saw a crust of bread on the floor and tried to crawl to it, but was so weak that I fainted in the attempt!"

"Oh, how terrible!" I cried. My sympathies were fairly captured, and I listened with pity and indignation to the details of her grievances.

"Oh, you can't realize what I suffered!" she said in conclusion, and the tears broke forth afresh and ran down her cheeks.

"My poor friend," I murmured, putting my arm about her neck and beginning myself to cry softly.

My sympathies were somewhat overgrown in those days and sadly in need of the politic pruning-knife of Time to check their exuberance.

"I can't stand it any longer," she resumed, her courage assuming gigantic proportions under their rehearsal and my sympathy. "Things keep growing worse every day. I'll write this very evening for my brother Frank to come and take me home."

"O, Mrs. Searle," I expostulated, "don't rush to that extreme. You have said it is not your husband's fault—that he would be all right but for their influence."

"He's just like the rest of his tribe, and worse; for it's his duty to take his wife's part. I'll get rid of the whole miserable set. I can't put up with their abuse always, and there might as well be a separation now as later, for it's got to come sometime."

"If such a thing is inevitable, the sooner it is done the better; but O, Mrs. Searle, the sacred bond of marriage should not be lightly sundered." I paused here, quite overcome by the wisdom of my reply.

"My life is wrecked," she went on sobbingly, without noticing my remark. "O, Miss Ray, take warning from me and never put yourself in the clutches of a mother-in-law."

"Never," I answered, with thoughtless exaggeration. "The man I marry must drown or otherwise dispose of his mother."

Gray shadows were beginning to creep out of the corners. Mrs. Searle started up and going to the washstand bathed her face and smoothed her hair.

"George will soon be home to supper," she remarked. "Afterward he will take himself off to his mother; then I can arrange everything. I'll get you to write the letter. You school-marms are so handy with a pen."

"Oh, no," I demurred. "I ought not to do that."

"Now, you don't want to help me. Women never will stand by each other," she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, yes, my friend. I will do anything to help you, and I will stand by you in this trouble against the whole world." I said this valiantly, and what is more, in the verdancy of my heart I believe I would have done it.

Having fairly enlisted in this civil war, I overflowed with enthusiasm. It was not enough that I had given my sympathy and help unreservedly to the wife, but I must also constitute myself her champion. Scathing were the glances of reproach that I cast upon the cruel husband that evening; and full was the dignity with which I met his friendly overtures. He was a pleasant-spoken man and treated me respectfully, even kindly during the time I had been an inmate of his home. How foolish and uncalled for, then, was my open resentment of his private actions.

As I walked home from school the next evening, my mind was busy with the poor wife's troubles. How would it all end? Must her home be broken up—her life wrecked, as she had said? Thoughtful under the weight of these questions, I arrived at my boarding-place and again entered the sitting-room.

I started back. The apartment was not deserted as it had been on the previous evening. That was not strange, but I was quite unprepared for the little tableau that faced me.

The abused wife sat in the centre of the room, smiling and happy; her husband stood behind her with an arm thrown caressingly over her shoulder, while on either side was that dreadful pair—the sister-in-law and mother-in-law.

"Miss Ray," spoke up Mr. Searle with terrible emphasis, "we took you into the sacred circle of our home, and treated you as one of the family; in return you have caused hard feelings between my wife and my relations and have endeavored to separate what God has joined together. Here is the awful proof in your own handwriting." (Waving aloft that unlucky epistle). "Go, repent, and seek another boarding-place."

"The Lord scringeth the sickle for the wicked to naught," quoted the old lady, gleefully. "Going to have me drowned, was ye?"

I stood a startled interrogation point, confronting the wife.

"Yes, my eyes are open now," the latter said in answer to my look. "It's very plain what you were writing for; you wanted to get my husband yourself!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the sister with spiteful satisfaction. "You see we've found you out, you schoolma'm together. Now you'll not have the end of this in a hurry."

No, truly. The story grew and flourished, as the poisonous weeds of scandal always do in the hostile soil of small, ignorant minds. Only when the term was ended and I had bidden a happy farewell to the district, did I hear the last of it. But "little Miss Ray, the school-marm," was never caught in another family jar!

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

One of the most pleasing attractions of Paris is the flower markets of the great city. With a certain artistic taste inherent in all classes, these delightful and natural productions are viewed and indulged in by rich and poor. Even the humble grisettes stint their daily food to afford the small sum necessary to line their rude window sills with pet plants. Eugene Sue's story of Rigolette was no fancy picture. Few French people are so poor as to deny themselves the luxury of flowers. The religiously devout cover the altars of the churches with these votive offerings—fragrant and beautiful, so that the stranger in visiting almost any of the old Catholic cathedrals, is sure to find, amid the sombre architectural grandeurs, the time-worn, crumbling walls, the gray old paintings and flickering candles, fresh and fragrant bouquets.

PERSONAL.

GAIL HAMILTON is still a Blaine man.

MR WASHBURNE, the American minister, has arrived in Paris.

JAY GOULD is styled "the veiled Mokanna," of Wall street.

THEY say that Horace Greeley's oldest daughter is just Gabrielle-gant.

WHY is it that we never hear of Daniel Dougherty in connection with lectures now-a-days?

WE learn from the New York *Herald* that "Gath" pronounceth his name with a long a.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK has been beautifying the homes of Boston with her autograph.

HARRY SULLIVAN is going to go around the world in three years, and considers it nothing but pleasure.

CALEB CUSHING will return to Massachusetts from Washington in a few days, to spend the summer in New England.

CHAS N. PINE has become the managing editor of the *Public Record*, of this city, under the new proprietorship of Judge Allison.

A. J. DREXEL, of this city, has bought a handsome new cottage, at Long Branch, of Mr Max Sadler, a wealthy New York gentleman.

EMERSON lately lectured in Boston, and these cool days, when comparatively few audiences were highly delighted and instructed.

REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, the new Bishop of Peoria, Illinois, is the youngest member of the American Roman Catholic hierarchy.

MR. GEORGE WARNER, an amateur tenor of Cincinnati, will sing with the Oates opera company next season. We hope he does not take Henri Laurent's place.

SAYS an exchange: "The Lotus Club, of New York is the only club in the world composed entirely of journalists." This must be a misprint for "moneyed," as the other word is clearly out of place.

A PASSING paragraph says that a son of Stephen A. Douglass is living near Wilmington, North Carolina. He must have begun rather late, as neither of the sons can now be less than fifty years old.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, who now describes himself as "the central battery of the electricity of the universe," says that we will soon have a panic to which Black Friday was child's play—a hundred Black Fridays in one day!

THE "Lone Fisherman," in the burlesque of "Evangeline," has got his work in. He is going to marry Eliza Weatherby. Will the fair Eliza hasten as quickly to deny this report as she did the one that Wm H. Crane was to be the happy man?

GENERAL STONEMAN, who has a farm in California, says that his children have four different kinds of fruit every day in the year, and there are only four days in the three hundred and sixty-five that they cannot go out and pluck them. The world is now consumed with curiosity to know which days of the year are those four, and what is the matter with them.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Printers' Circular*, for April, is literally overflowing with matter which all journalists and printers will read with thorough appreciation.

The *Nursery*, for May, contains its usual wealth of interesting and instructive reading matter for very young readers, accompanied by a large number of beautiful engravings. John L. Shorey, publisher, Boston.

The *American Agriculturist*, for May, comes to us freighted with valuable information for the farm, garden and household, and full of descriptive engravings. The Orange Judd Company, publishers, New York.

"BLUE GLASS" is the title of a neatly-printed pamphlet published by the Commercial Publishing Co., of this city. It gives in compact form a full statement of the influence of the new curative agent upon life and disease, together with a large number of cases in which it has been used with effect.

Wide-Awake, for May, is fully up to its usual high standard, and contains a perfect feast of the good things of literature for the young. It has many excellent stories and an immense quantity of other interesting articles, including several pretty poems, the whole being admirably illustrated with attractive wood-cuts. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & Co., New York, send us "The Cooking Manual of Practical Directions for Economical Every-day Cooking," by Juliet Corson, Superintendent of the New York Cooking School. This book, as its name imports, is intended to instruct housekeepers in the valuable art of making wholesome and palatable dishes at the least possible cost. It is gotten up in convenient style for use in the kitchen, and is bound in oil-cloth. For sale in this city by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Proof Sheet, for May, contains, among other articles, an admirable paper on the "Trials, Tribulations, and Qualifications of a News-Editor," by Wm. Anderson, which will find appreciative readers in all who have handled the Associated Press manifolds. The article on "Encouragement of American Authorship" has a number of thoughts on which our public would do well to ponder. Eugene H. Munday contributes a fine poem entitled "For Little Kate." Collins & McLeester, publishers.

The British Quarterly Review, for April, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, will be found the paradise of solid reading and just the literary diet that the more thoughtful love. Perhaps, however, the most interesting articles will be found to be those bearing on the nations involved in the present European war, namely: "The Genius of Islam," "Russia," and "Reform in Turkey and Coercion." In the department devoted to contemporary literature will be found full reviews of the principal current English publications. Received from W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

Appleton's Journal, for May, is at hand, and displays an unusually full and interesting table of contents. It is ornamented with a rich and artistic frontispiece. The second part of the very readable paper on "The Austrian Arctic Expedition" is given, embracing accounts of the second winter and the return home. This article has a number of characteristic engravings. "The Great White Wall," a sketch of the English South Coast, by Julian Hawthorne, will also be found highly entertaining. George Sand's novel, "The Tower of Percemont" is concluded, and that interesting serial, "Cherry Ripe," continued. The remaining articles are all good reading.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES, by strict attention to business and thorough enterprise, have stepped into an enviable position in the very front rank of our Philadelphia publishers and booksellers. Their fine establishment on Chestnut, above Eighth, is constantly crowded with the best class of customers, who always find what they desire in Messrs. Porter and Coates' large and varied stock. Besides their own publications, this firm invariably keep on hand a full assortment of the best books published by other houses, both fiction and of more solid character. Those in need of works on the fine arts will find them in great variety and of the most excellent stamp at the establishment of Messrs. Porter & Coates.

We have received from W. B. Zieber *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for April. This is the American reprint from the press of the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York. It is full of interesting articles, among which may be named: "The French Army in 1877," a paper which acquires additional importance from the present European war-cloud; "Crete;" and "Harriet Martineau." The latter is a very severe critique on Miss Martineau's "Autobiography," and generally bristles with points. There is also a neat little tale called "A Railway Journey," which is thoroughly good reading. Two excellent serials are running in this veteran magazine, and altogether the current number keeps up fully the fine reputation of the periodical.

Scribner's Monthly, for May, is a thoroughly attractive number. "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," the opening article, is the eleventh paper on this somewhat curious theme. It is readable and contains much unique information. The accompanying engravings fully illustrate the text. There is also an interesting illustrated article on "Smith College" recently located at Northampton, Mass., for the education of women. A long, but highly entertaining paper [illegible] gives an exhaustive account of "Sea Trout Fishing." "About Greece and Greek Museums" and "Reminiscences of Washington" will amply repay the reading. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is brought to a conclusion and Dr. Holland's fine serial, "Nicholas Minturn," is continued. Besides these attractions, there are numerous other articles of a like excellent character. With the May number, Scribner enters upon its fourteenth volume.

THE HAIR IS RENDERED SOFT AND PLIANT, and its vigorous growth promoted by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic. Besides being a good dressing for the hair, it is an excellent tonic for the scalp, and those threatened with baldness would do well to give it a trial.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

May 12, 1877.

LORELEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I cannot imagine what daunts me.
And makes me feel eerie and sad;
A legend, it troubles, it haunts me,
A legend of long ago.

The air chills, day is declining,
And smoothly Rhine's waters run,
And the peaks of the mountains are shining
And lit the setting sun.

A maiden of wondrous seeming,
Most beautiful rite, see, there!
Her jewels in gold are gleaming,
She combs out her golden hair.

With a comb of red gold she parts it,
And still as she combs it, she sings;
At the melody falls on our hearts, it
With power as of magic strings.

With a spasm the boatman hears it,
Out there in his little skiff;
He sees not the reef as he nears it,
He only looks up to the cliff.

The waters will sweep, I am thinking,
O'er skiff, ay, and boatman ere long;
And this is, when daylight is sinking,
What Loreley did with her song.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A close cab laden with luggage drove up to Euston Station in time for the 7.30 A.M. train for the north. While the porters surrounded the boxes, the occupants of the cab passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. They were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating traveling costume of blue serge and fur, and an elderly woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse.

"Sit here, and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket; now, mind you don't *stir*," and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, miss."

"No, no; I must wait," and Edith, who was quite unused to traveling, grasped her bag and did not move.

The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train 'ill be off in another minute."

Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud aggressive bell began to ring. Edith started up, she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bag, umbrella-case, lower shawl, and provision-basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load, when Jenkins came back very hot and flurried, seized half the package, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage and put her in.

"No, hurry, ma'am," he said; "four minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let us go at all alone, like this, passes me; but I have spoken to the guard and written to the station-master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid, my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope Uncle John, as I have never seen Uncle George."

"Everything you want, miss?" said an extra porter. "I have put in all the rugs and a hot-water-tin, and the luggage is all right in the van just behind."

"All right, all right!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the porter, pocketing a shining half-crown.

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage!"

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr. George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly.

Edith started forward. "Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't, sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! it's—it's my niece!" The train began to move.

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in time, and Edith, as excited as Mr. George, seized him with both hands by the coat-sleeve, and pulled him with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

Mr. George sat down opposite to Edith with a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad to see you, Uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear.

The "my dear" sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on Uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him. She had not expected her uncle to be so young in appearance; but she had often heard her mother say that he was the youngest-looking man of his age she had ever known; and now she quite agreed—for though she knew him to be really about fifty-eight years of age, he might from his appearance be taken for five-and-twenty, or even less. He was remarkably good-looking—more so than she had expected—and his eyes looked very young, and frank, and blue. There was a twinkle in them also; she was sure that he was fond of fun.

Edith felt quite fond of her uncle; she was not one bit afraid of him—his face was so open, and good, and kindly.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said Uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and baskets into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears!" he said. "She looks like a young dairy-maid."

"Oh, I!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the store-room."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forget her age; but the fact was I wasn't of course a boy."

"*Of* course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she was always so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean! Oh! by the way, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie? was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said Uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am very sorry, Uncle George," she said, sweetly. "If I had known that you had lost them both, I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor Aunt Marie, too! Oh, I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perpetually," said Edith, her voice a little choked."

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, warmest-hearted, most sweet-dispositioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer, and a loyal, true-hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—I am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, yes, he is all of that," said he, with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith confused.

"My father—I—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George!" he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so—I do not want to pain you."

"I like to hear all you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And had he faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was conceited."

"No, no," said Uncle George, "he never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never conceited."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to knowing him."

"Had you really?"

"Yes; I never had a companion of my own age. "Do tell me, shall I like my cousins at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them: do you mean Uncle John's daughters, or his step-children?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, abhor Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adoreable one, is she?" said Edith laughing; "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"Oh no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetness of an angel and the courage of a martyr; I think I put the least pretty."

"Oh, what a trial! always on the sofa!"

"What a sweet little thing this is!" thought Uncle George, but he said nothing.

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he, suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes; I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter, in which she told you that I was to be eighteen to-morrow?"

"No; it must have been late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the trains and things."

"Oh, ah! *that* letter! oh, of course, that is all right. I don't—I—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I will tell you one version of my story. Mamma being papa's widow, and papa having been the eldest son, had to leave Hatton when I was born and turned out to be a stupid little girl; and she went abroad because she was so delicate, and became a Roman Catholic."

"Hollos!"

"What is it, Uncle George?"

"You are not one, I hope?"

Edith looked rather indignant.

"It is very odd of you to say that," she said, "when you know as well as I do all that you did about it; indeed I shall never forget your kindness. I was very unhappy when mamma wanted me to change; and Uncle John's letters and all Aunt Maria could write made it worse than ever, only your letters made all smooth; and mamma was so much touched by the one you wrote to her about papa's trust in her, and my not being a boy, and all that, that, indeed, I have always loved you—you have seemed to me like my own dear father."

"I am very glad, my dear child, and I hope that in future you shall be guided by my advice."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George, for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you so dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit—been for one week away from home. Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! Do my cousins ride?" "Yes, a great deal; are you fond of it?"

"Of it; there is nothing in the world to me like a good gallop. Ah, it was the greatest trial of my life when Queen Mab was ill."

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up myself, because it made her so nervous."

"What else do you care for?—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There will be two at Hatton next week, and you must promise me the first waltz at each."

"Do you waltz?"

"Of course I am; my work lies there, my hopes, my future."

Edith looked astonished. "I should have thought," she said, "that now you would have settled down at home; but I admire you for loving work. Shall you go out again?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances. It would be a great grief to me to give up my profession."

"It is very odd, but I certainly thought that mamma told me you had given up your profession."

"She was mistaken," said Uncle George, shortly.

"I have often longed to go to India," cried Edith.

"Have you?" said George, very eagerly.

"Oh, yes, beyond anything; life there gives everybody a chance. I mean, heroic men and great characters are formed in India, and men have great responsibilities and development for quite a different class of most desirable qualities there."

"That is quite true; and you are just the sort of woman to help a man to do anything."

"I am so glad you think so, Uncle George," she said, laughing and blushing.

At seven o'clock they reached a very large station, where the train had half an hour to wait. They got a cup of tea, and then, both being rather cold, they began to walk vigorously up and down to the very end of the terminus. It was quite dark at the far end, and they stood side by side, looking up into the mouth of the great station with its mighty arch. Trains rushed past, or heavily moved away with a harsh, discordant whistle. Great red lamps loomed out of the darkness like dragon's eyes. George drew Edith hastily on one side that she might not be struck by the chain of a huge cart-horse which passed close by them, on its way to bring up a coal-truck. It was a very solid, and they stamped up and down, and George enjoyed a fragrant cigar.

"Take your seats!" shouted the porter. "Take your seats?" And they resumed their places.

"Them's a bride and bridegroom," said a stout country-woman to a friend; and the loud guttural "Lay?" with which the news was received reached the ears of the travelers.

A blazing lamp was in the carriage, and under its yellow light Edith tried to read.

"Don't read, Edith," said the young Uncle, suddenly. "Talk instead."

She shut up her book.

"To tell you the truth, Uncle George," she said, "we are getting so near that I am beginning to feel ridiculously nervous."

He looked at his watch, and suddenly started.

"So late," he said. "We shall be there in ten minutes."

"Oh!"

"And the fact is," he began, restlessly fidgeting; "the fact is—a—a—I have got a confession to make to you."

"To me! oh, Uncle George!"

"I——my Uncle George!"

Edith looked startled beyond measure.

"The fact is, Edith, I am not my father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am my son."

"But he is dead."

"No, no; only, what was a fellow to say when you pressed me so hard? I am your Cousin George!"

"Oh!"

"And we have been such friends, you won't be angry? Are you vexed, Edith?" and he took both her hands.

"No; only astonished. I think—on the whole, I am rather—glad."

"That's all right; for, do you know, Edith, I see I shall have known you for years! You have shown to-day every good quality a woman can possibly possess."

"Don't spoil me by such sayings."

"And Edith, my own Edith, do you know—confound it! here we are!—only this, I should like to go on traveling with you, like this, for ever and ever—and——"

"Hatton! Hatton! tickets, please. Hatton!"

"Here, Jones! take Miss Edith's bag. Is the carriage up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a cart? there is a heap of luggage."

"All right, sir."

"Come along, Edith! here we are, and my father is in the carriage."

THE WHITE LADY.

One night I sat alone, thinking and thinking, and wondering whether there was any truth in the story of the White Lady of the Hall, and whether, if there were, I had the courage to meet her—for the story went that anyone who dared to meet her and to speak to her should have what they asked, though if you met her and were afraid to speak, some great harm would come—something worse than death itself—madness or the palsy, or blindness, mayhap.

Long ago, before any living man's grandsire was born, they said the White Lady was a fair woman and no wraith—a fair, meek woman, whom a king loved; and the Hall was the place where she dwelt; and she wore jewels and fine garments, and servants and maidens to wait on her. And she often to feast and to praise and kiss her.

And sometimes he would send a message before he came, and bid her meet him under a great oak that stood at the Hall gate; and she always did as he bade her.

And one night a message was sent, and she went, as was her wont, to meet him, but as she stood under the tree, watching for him, one who had beguiled her to the spot with a false message, smote her with an arrow and she dropped down dead.

A jealous woman had hired the murderer, it was said, and some say the jealous woman became a queen.

The lady died, and the Hall was left alone and mouldered into ruin; but ever since, once in the year, on the anniversary of the day on which she went for the last time to meet the king, the lady, all in white, walks—so the legend says—thrice around the tree.

And the night is called in our neighborhood "White Lady's Night," for no other reason; and Thomas Martingale, going home late from the "Crown and Sceptre," one saw the lady under the tree,—so he said—at least the old folks told the story to the young, and we were bound to believe it."

Now, upon White Lady's Night, I, Mark Yardley, sat alone, wondering and thinking.

I wanted something that I knew not how to win.

It was not gold, nor was it silver, and house and lands and the wherewithal to live I hoped to win with my own strong arms; but what I longed for seemed to fit beyond my power.

Try as I might, I never could make sure of it.

It was a woman's heart.

I loved Alice Hunter as no man ever loved woman before, but she smiled one day and frowned the next; and then, too, she was above me, and despised me very likely.

How could I tell her what I felt that she might make a mock of me? Yet, if I never told her, all my chance was gone.

This White Lady, who was the heroine of the story my grandmother often told me, beside the winter fire, I went mad, as lovers do sometimes, and I said to myself, "I will go to-night to the old oak, and if the White Lady walks, I will seize her robe and ask her to give me the wish of my heart—if I die for it."

One must do something. Those that are in love ask old hags to tell their fortunes, and take the settling of leaves in a tea-cup for prophecy. I knew one who said to himself, "if the bird flying under the bridge the apple boughs, my love will be happy; but if it flies to the hedge, all will go wrong;" and when the little thing folded its wings amongst the apple-blossoms, was glad all night.

Oh, yes, lovers are mad at times. I must have been then, when I opened my window and dropped from it on to the grass, and took my way towards the ruined Hall and the old oak on White Lady's Night, to ask my happiness of the White Lady; but I did it.

Oh, how well I remember. The moon shone overhead, round and white, and all was still. The lights went out in the cottages in the hollow, and the trees stood black against the bright sky.

And down upon the night fell, one after the other, twelve strokes from the church-clock; and I knew that it was midnight, and the hour for the White Lady to walk, and made all the speed I could, lest she should come and go and I none the better for her.

At last I stood before the Hall, and saw the tree with its great branches spreading far and wide—a tree that was more than two hundred years old, they said, and strangely and solemnly through the empty windows of the Hall the moon was shining, and I looked and held my breath, for there, under the great tree, stood indeed a woman's figure.

It wore some light garments, and was wrapped and hidden so that I could not see the face, and it moved a little as I came near; and looking over its shoulder, began to glide away; and now I knew that if gossips told the truth, I must either win or lose.

I sprang forward, grasped the flowing robe and held it close; and I whispered, for indeed my heart beat so fast that my voice was gone——

"My lady, my lady! I have come here tonight, to ask you for a gift, and I fear you not; for why should I fear? And you who died for love, will be kind to a lover. May I ask? Will you listen, lady?"

Then a voice, soft as a young bird's twitter, answered—

"Speak!"

Just "Speak," nothing more, nor did the face turn towards me.

"I love one dearly, lady," I said, "and what I ask is her heart. Can you help me?"

Again the whisper came, fainter even than before.

"Her name? How can I tell unless I know her name?"

"It is Alice Hunter," I said; "and oh she is more dear to me than my soul."

There was a pause.

Then faint and slow the answer came—

"Be bold, ask her for her heart, and she will give it to you; on the word of the White Lady. Now go, leave me."

I dropped the white robe.

The lady glided away, and I went home as one might walk in a dream.

And the next day I almost believed that I had dreamt—almost, but not quite.

For I had grown bolder, and that day I told Alice Hunter of my love, and she did not scoff at it.

We were married.

When I had been a happy husband for a month, we returned from Boulogne, where I had gone to spend our honeymoon, and gave a party, to which we invited all our old friends and neighbors.

In the course of the evening, the legend of the White Lady became a topic with some, and, while listening to the conversation, I observed my wife's color change, and finally saw her leave the room.

Fearing that she had become faint with the heat, I followed in a few moments, and found her sitting on the stairs with a smile lighting up her features.

"I feared you were ill," I said, sitting down just above her.

"No," she said; "I am quite well. I am glad you followed me, for I have something to tell you."

"And I have something to tell you," I said, bending over her. "Something about the White Lady our friends are discussing."

"Indeed," she said, hanging down her head, and toying with her fan. "Well, tell me your story first, and then I will tell you mine."

I told her what I had seen at the tree, and what the White Lady had promised me; and then I asked her for her story, which she told me in the following words—

"It was the White Lady's Night," she said, "that I went down to the old oak to ask a gift of the White Lady, and as I stood waiting, half hoping, half fearing to see her, I heard a step behind me, and I knew that it was you, and tried to run and hide myself; but you caught me by my dress and spoke to me, so that I knew you believed me none other than the White Lady. And so first I learned that you loved me, and oh, I feared that you should see my face; but you did not, and you let me go when you had your promise."

"And so I was no ghost-seer after all," I said, "and the White Lady never spoke to me!" But what was it you went to the old oak to ask of the fair ghost that night, my Alice?"

Then she turned her soft eyes away from me and hid her head upon my bosom, and whispered—

"That you should love me, Mark, for I already loved you well, and I could not read your heart."

"Then God bless White Lady's Night," said I.

And she answered "Amen," as she rose and took my arm to lead her back to our friends.

THE END OF THE HONEYMOON.

Oh, what a lovely moon! Don't let us light the gas, Augustus. Let us sit here by the window and admire it. It's exactly like silver; and, oh, how beautiful you look in it—yes, you do, splendid! Oh, Gusty, how I like your Roman nose, and I'm so glad you've such elegant whiskers, do you love me? Oh, Gusty, how sweet you are! Am I your own little darling—really, am I? I don't think they can see in from over the way, do you? You may kiss me just twice more. Isn't it awful to think of married people quarrelling, Gusty? We couldn't quarrel, could we? Oh, no, never, never. I couldn't say a cross word to you, and you couldn't to me, could you? We'll live together as the angels do, and die at the same moment. Oh, Gusty, it is so full to love and be fond! Sometimes my heart stands still when I think of it. You may give me two kisses more. Hark! what's that? I hope it isn't that Jones coming to ask me to have him?"

"It's unreasonable in you to hate him, my love."

"Unreasonable to hate him? Why, Gusty—of all unreasonable?"

"Why do you hate him?"

"Why do I hate him? Well, I don't know—he has such a funny long, long neck, and—and—don't scold."

"He's my dearest friend."

"He's your dearest friend! Oh, a wife ought to be her husband's dearest friend, Augustus. What do you say—I have cousin Jane, and sister Sarah, and ma? Well, a woman must have some one; and dear ma—to bring her in?"

"Oh, I don't care. They'll be company for you when I am at the club."

"The club, Augustus! You don't ever mean to go to the club again, do you? Augustus Gardener—you, a married man, and go to a club?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, because it's a place for dreadful, dissipated bachelors. I know all about it. It's all that Jones of your's fault. He has put it into your head. What's that you are muttering—My chatterbox women friends have put queer things into my head? Do I bear aright? Mr. Gardener! My cousin Jane, my sister Sarah, and dear ma, chatterboxes? I call that shameful. Oh, have I lived to hear such things? But what can I expect of a man that will go to a club and leave his deserted wife to sit up for him, all alone, and come home the worse for liquor, no doubt. No, that I won't bear, Mr. Gardener. Do that once, and I'll have a divorce."

"Very well, as soon as you like, my dear."

"As soon as I like? Ah, I see. That is what you want. Jones has been putting that into your head. No doubt he'd like to see you free to take any dreadful life you choose again. When ma first saw that Jones, she said—'I do not like that man, my child.' Ah, she has penetration."

"She'd better have minded her own business."

"What—ma—ma? Oh, can I believe I hear aright? I thought I'd married a gentleman."

"And I thought I'd married an angel, but I find I've tied myself to a ——"

"Well, to a what? Speak—say it out. Oh, I know what the antipodes of angel is. Say it out. You meant to say it. You did —no, don't deny it, you did—you did—you did! No, there's no use kissing me now, Augustus. You've killed me. It's all over."

* * * * * * *

"'A woman ought to be reasonable?' Ah, how unfair, Augustus. It's you that abused my friends, and talked of leaving me for a wicked club and a pack of old Jones, and called me a dev—you didn't? Yes, you did. O—oh! Am I your own dearest, and are you sorry, and will you always do as I like? I think I'll try to live, Gusty; yes, Gusty, dear, I'll live for you. Gusty! You may kiss me; but now pull down the blinds and light the gas. The moon has set."

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS.

The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell while passing in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: The scene stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out; away in the north the huge old sun hung low across the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. Like the pendulum, it was ticking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves; a bridge of gold reached from north gemmed the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats. No word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heavens, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung so perpendicularly on its beat. The colors changed to those of morning; a fresh breeze rippled over the face of the ocean. One sougster after another piped up in the grove behind us. We had slid into another day.

* * * * * * *

SENTIMENTS join man to man; opinions divide them. The former are elementary, and concentrate; the latter are composite, and scatter. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age—if, in forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of that of others, and even those that are opposed to ours—we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment what opinion divided and dispersed.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SALT FOR SWINE.—Some time ago a farmer who was given to experimenting, tried salt upon some thirty head of swine. He selected two pairs of barrow hogs, weighing 300 pounds a piece, and to one pair he gave their daily allowance two ounces of salt, the other pair, similarly fed, none. In the course of a week it was very plainly seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and by midnight of the fifth week had to two ounces apiece. After four months, the weight of the salted hogs was 330 pounds each, while that of the unsalted was 270 pounds, reached 300 pounds.

ANNUAL FLOWERS.—In the cultivation of annuals the amateur is apt to be impatient to plant. The most hardy should not be sown until about the middle of April, and the more tender, not until the soil and nights are warm. Annuals require to be sown more deeply. All small seeds are better sown on the surface. Then a little sand may be sifted over all; or, better still, some light, dry leaf mould, keeping the whole moist until the seeds sprout. All seeds that are to be sown in the house—the better way—do not transplant the hard soil below. The time advised for sowing, nor the tender sorts until the soil is thoroughly warm.

HOW TO PACK BUTTER.—In packing butter in bulk, care should be used in having your firkins well saturated with strong, hot brine; this will prevent the butter from sticking to the staves. Be sure to pack your butter solid, the space will be filled with air, and instead of a white mass becomes vitiated and spoils the butter. When the firkin is filled it should be immediately headed up, and allow to stand a few days; then if the hole at the top to fill up the space between the butter and the head of the firkin.

HOW TO FEED CHICKENS.—We frequently see articles in the papers on feeding chickens, as if their diet was a matter of the formula of delicacies, when quite young, as long as a French child, or Miss Nellens require to feed the first day into any household. For the first two or three days they may be fed on boiled egg, mixed on scalded crusts of bread; but after that time they may be fed on Indian meal, mixed with a little ground oats, or wheat screening, barley or buckwheat. It is doubtful whether they require anything except cornmeal and water, fed in these both ways, and could never see any difference in the result, but a little boiled meat for a couple of days will do the chicks no harm.

SEEDS THAT BORE.—Some time since, in a paper by Mr. Francis Darwin, read before the London Linnæus Society, the curious structure of the seeds of some of the grasses was shown, by which they were enabled to pierce their way into the ground. In relation to this subject in a recent number of *Nature* Mr. Darwin calls attention to the discovery by Herr Fritz Muller of more than a dozen grasses and one species of geranium, growing in Brazil, whose seeds possess these peculiarities. They are furnished with a twist which, twisting by the action upon their coils of an alternate moist and dry atmosphere, when lying upon the ground, this hygroscopic torsion causes the seeds to bore into the soil, one of the most singular specimens belonging to the genus *Aristida*, the seeds have three-tailed awns, 3 or 4 inches long, which progressively in three directions more or less at right angles with the seed, and when lying on the soil in a position, with its lower end resting on the ground in the most favorable manner for boring into the earth.

LIQUID GRAFTING WAX.—There are many recipes for grafting wax, varying somewhat in their composition, according to the particular purpose for which they are intended. The *Practical Farmer* publishes the following formula: Liquid grafting wax, which being about the consistency of honey, it may be readily applied with a brush for outdoor grafting, without the trouble of heating. It is likewise a good application for wounds in trees, cuts made in pruning, etc.; Melt together 1 pound of resin and 1 pound of good beef tallow. Remove from the stove and let cool until a scum forms over it, then add 1 ounce spoonful of spirits of turpentine; replace on the stove and add 7 ounces of a mixture of 2 parts stone alcohol, and 1 part water, stirring briskly and taking care that the alcohol does not ignite, as it will if the mixture is too hot. Stir until the liquid is lost in the mixture, when it should be of the consistency of honey. Keep in a closed bottle and apply with a brush. If after a month or two it becomes hard, remelt, add a little more drops of turpentine, and of the alcohol and water. A few days after it is applied it becomes hard and will remain unchanged, except that it grows harder, for an indefinite time.

The Enchanted Spring.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Once on a time there lived in the village of Briarwood a girl of ten years, called Jessie Linden. No shadows had as yet fallen on her young life, for she was the only child of an affectionate and judicious mother.

Jessie was a pretty little child, with long fair hair and blue sparkling eyes. She was never tempered and petted, and always ready with a smiling face and a willing hand to do everything required of her. She was tender-hearted and loving to all God's creatures, and would not knowingly harm even a little ant as it crawled along the ground. She loved the little birds that built their nests in the eves of the old piazza at the cottage door, and the pretty cat and her brood of soft white balls of kittens were her especial favorites. Even the old dog, Nero, whose chiefest pleasure consisted in stretching his lazy length along just in the very places where he ought not to be, came in for a due share of her consideration. The children of the village loved her, because she was always good-humored and just in her intercourse with them, and so highly did they esteem her, that no pastime was pleasant without her presence.

But alas! for poor Jessie. Cruel death came to the cottage, and the dear mother was smitten. For many weeks, exhausted with a wasting fever, she lay quished on her sick bed, until one fatal morning a deathly paleness settled on the face where Jessie had never seen any expression but that of loving kindness, and before many hours were passed, the fluttering breath had ceased its play forever.

Thus was the gentle child left alone, for her father, long a wanderer in foreign lands, had been lost at sea on his returning voyage. Jessie would gladly have staid in her old home, where she would have been happy, but her Aunt Mary came from a distant part of the country, and declared the place was too lonely for a little girl, carried her away from the dear cottage, from her mother's grave, and from everything Jessie loved best in the whole world. Even her pretty pussy that she had caressed for so many years, who ran after her crying with all her might for her kind little mistress, had to be left behind.

Jessie was a sensible child. She grieved for her dear mother and her lost home, but she knew crying for their loss would not bring them back again, so she tried to give her affection to her new protectors.

The family, of which she was now about to become a member, consisted of her Uncle and Aunt Linden, and their daughter Phœbe, a girl about three years older than Jessie. Now this ought to have been a happy home for the child, with her father's only brother, and so thought Uncle George himself, when he had her brought there; but Uncle George, sad to relate, was governed by his wife, who was a cross, self-willed woman; and her cousin Phœbe was a sharp-nosed, sharp-chinned girl, with a vixenish expression of countenance, who hated little Jessie from the moment she saw her, because of her soft blue eyes and the golden ringlets clustering about her shoulders. Poor Jessie! She little thought as she took her cousin's hand, looked appealingly up into her eyes and kissed her cheek, how lonely it might be friends, how bitterly she already hated her.

Jessie soon discovered that her new life with her relations was to be a hard one, and she tried to be a good girl, hoping in time she might be able to conquer the ill-will they seemed to bear her. She ran on errands, scrubbed the floors, washed the dishes, and did all the many other things too hard for a little girl like her to do. All this would not have been so bad to bear had it not been accompanied with unkindness; from morning to night it was Jessie here and Jessie there, with cross words as well as blows, until when bedtime came the tired little thing was glad to creep up to her attic and rest until the morning. Her food consisted of scraps left after the daily meals were over, which were divided between herself and the dog and cat.

Now Jessie loved all dumb animals, and was always glad to cultivate their acquaintance; but this dog and cat, if she patted them they would snap at her—they were just like the rest of the family.

It troubled Uncle George to see little Jessie so badly used, and he thoroughly repented having brought her from Briarwood, but when he told his wife if she did not treat the child better he would send her back again, he encountered such a terrible storm of words that he was glad to get out of the house, and he never interfered again, but consoled himself by filling his pockets with such things as children love, and giving them to Jessie whenever he could escape the watchful eyes of his wife and daughter. The poor little girl, accustomed to kindness all her life, felt the change sadly, and often, wakeful at night with memories of her mother, wetted the pillow with her tears.

One warm summer morning, Phœbe had sent Jessie with a great pitcher to bring water from a spring which was at some distance from the house, bidding her hurry quickly home. The child was tired. She sat down on the grassy bank, with the empty pitcher at her side. Her head reclined on her little hand, roughened by labor, and her eyes were filled with tears. Her thoughts had strayed back to her old life at Briarwood, so dear to her. She felt unhappy; and despite the chiding she knew would follow, she tarried long in this solitary place, so congenial to the feelings of her troubled heart.

Suddenly she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and starting up, she began hastily to fill her pitcher, expecting every moment to see Phœbe at her side; but Phœbe did not come, and, pausing in her work to listen, she thought she heard a faint groan, as if proceeding from some one in distress.

Setting down her half-filled pitcher, she hastened up the bank, and beheld a feeble old woman vainly trying, by the aid of her staff, to support her tottering footsteps. In a moment Jessie was at her side, supporting her on her strong young arm, and speaking words of comfort with her kindly voice: "Only a little farther, dear lady; just a few steps, and we will reach the spring. Lean more heavily on me, I am stronger than you think. And now we are here," she said, as they reached the rustic seat upon which she hastily spread her shawl, "and you may rest."

Jessie bathed the fainting woman's brow with water, fanned her with her broad hat, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her fully recovered.

The old lady sat for some time regarding the child with eyes full of kindness.

"You are a good child, Jessie," she said, as her hand touched caressingly the sunny ripples of the girl's hair, "and, therefore, ought to be happy, yet you were weeping bitterly when you came to me. Why is your countenance so sad?"

It had been so long since Jessie had heard the voice of kindness, that the old lady's words caused her tears to flow afresh. She buried her face in her hands, and in a voice of anguish, so pitiful in one so young, she cried:

"My mother, my dear, good mother, is dead, and I have no one to love me!"

Then Jessie heard the old lady say, as her hand pressed upon her head:

"I cannot bring you back your mother, because she is in Heaven; but to-day you have helped me in my distress, and, as one good turn deserves another, you will not go without a reward."

Her concluding words fell so faintly on Jessie's ears that she looked quickly up to find she was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HERE AND THERE.

"I NEVER eat fish," remarked a pompous individual the other day. "That accounts for your de-fish-ency in brains," was the rejoinder.

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently and said, "Mamma, I should think if I was made out of dust I should get muddy inside when I drank."

"GRANDMA, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I am getting old now and don't take care of one as I used to. Reason forth."

A "SEVEN-YEARS'," whose father had lost a limb in the war, on hearing that all in Heaven were perfect, asked: "Pa, when you die will you have two legs?"

A YOUNG lady in Boston refused to attend church because her new bonnet had not been sent home. "I hate the devil and all his works," said she, "but I hate an old-fashioned bonnet more."

A WOMAN was told that some tables in the Russian department of the Philadelphia Exhibition were made of malachite, exclaimed, "My goodness, I thought Malachite was one of the prophets!"

"I AM afraid it is mixed goods," said the lady to the clerk. "Oh, no, madam, impossible," replied the polite gentleman, "all our camel's hair shawls are made of pure silk, direct from the worm."

"AW! from Titusville, I see," said the magnificent hotel clerk to the guest who had just booked. "You are in oil, I take it!" "In oil," thundered the farmer. "No! Do you suppose that I'm a sardine, like you?"

AFTER looking at the picture of a spouting whale for some time, a little boy seemed to become more and more puzzled. At last he turned to his uncle, and pointing to the picture said: "Oh, my! doesn't he smear a good long way?"

THE Japanese are advancing in civilization. They usually favor condemned felons with the choice of the mode of death. An interesting murderer having been recently asked how he would like to be executed, promptly replied, "By proxy."

THE editor of the *Kansas Farmer* states that he has taken all sorts of things in the way of subscriptions, and that now a man offers him an owl for six months of his paper. The editor says that if he can find any fellow who is out of owl, and needs one, he'll do it.

EARLY in the century a rich Englishman left his daughters their weight in one pound bank notes. The eldest got fifty-one thousand two hundred pounds, the younger fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-four pounds —the handsomest pair of paper-weights on record.

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MOODY IN CHICAGO. His sermons and prayers, verbatim reports, 384 pages, 50 Portraits of Moody, Sankey and Bliss. This is entirely different from GLAD TIDINGS, also 776 New York sermons from the Tribune Reports. 864 pages, $3. Either book mailed on receipt of price.

AGENTS WANTED $20 per week profit. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, New York.

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FARMER'S BOOK

Gives full information on all kinds of Farm work Manures, Fertilizers, Rotation of Crops, and Farm Stock. Includes a most valuable and practical treatise on horse-breaking, by Prof. of Legal forms and Laws for farmers. The most valuable farmer's book ever published. For full description and terms, address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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$55 to $77 Per day. Agents Wanted. P. O. Vicker, Augusta, Maine.

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PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

To the Holders of Centennial Stock and Citizens of Philadelphia:

In consequence of the unexpected decision of the Supreme Court, which largely reduces the subscription to the stock of the

PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION CO.

the Directors are obliged to make a further appeal to secure funds to place the Exhibition upon a self-supporting basis. But for this unexpected decision at Washington, there would have been no necessity, whatever of making any appeal in the citizens for further aid. But inasmuch as a large portion of the subscriptions to the Permanent Exhibition were in the Centennial stock, we are now obliged to appeal for additional subscriptions to make up the deficiency. This Exhibition is not a private enterprise, merely for the benefit of the stockholders, but is intended for the advantage and benefit of our city, State and country, but especially for our city and State, and there ought not to be any doubt whatever as to its ultimate success. It will be calculated, from its great extent and varied attractions, to draw to our city hundreds and thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, who will have the finest opportunity they ever had of seeing collected together the various productions of art and manufactures of our city and State, and of other States, besides curious and attractive exhibits from abroad, and almost every business interest of our city must be benefited by it.

We appeal, therefore, to the holders of Centennial Stock to come forward at once and subscribe their stock to the Permanent Exhibition, and thus let the whole country see that Pennsylvania not only can and will return to the farthing the money which the Government so reluctantly advanced and now requires shall be refunded, but that she can also maintain a PERMANENT exhibition which in point of extent, variety and attractive features, and magnificence of the temple in which it is held, is without a parallel in the world.

We therefore ask your assistance, either by transfer of stock of the Centennial Board of Finance or a subscription of money.

Those subscribing Centennial Stock have the option of taking sixteen single tickets of admission for each share of stock transferred, or stock of the International Exhibition Company, at the rate of twenty-five dollars per share, will be issued for the net amount realized.

In addition to the dividends that may be earned and declared, holders of stock of the International Exhibition Company will be entitled to a single ticket of admission annually for each ten dollars subscribed, or to an annual pass for each eight shares of stock.

Instead of stock, subscribers have the option of taking, for twenty-five dollars, a transferable season ticket for 1877, which will admit two adults, or one adult and two children each day.

In all cases of transfer of Centennial Stock the present owners can retain the memorial certificate of the Centennial Board of Finance.

Believing from the support already given us that we shall be assisted from the Government to make the International Exhibition a grand success, we have determined to push forward complete arrangements for opening on MAY 10, 1877, but the success of our success will depend to a great extent on the answer received to this appeal.

That the Directors may know at once just what they can depend on, citizens who are willing to subscribe in cash or Centennial Stock are earnestly urged to notify either of the undersigned by letter or postal card, giving their address, and those wishing to transfer stock will be immediately furnished with blanks for transfer, and holders of single shares of Centennial Stock, who wish to transfer the same and receive Tickets of Admission as above, can make the transfer and receive the tickets by calling at 105 WALNUT STREET from 9 to 4, or they will be furnished with blank transfers by notifying the Financial Agent. In all cases of transfer of Centennial Stock it will be necessary to

Return the Scrip Certificate of Centennial Board of Finance,

when the holder will receive the beautiful Memorial Certificate, which they can retain as a memento of the great Exhibition.

H. A. ROLLINS, Treasurer,
CENTENNIAL NATIONAL BANK,
PHILADELPHIA.

HENRY D. MOORE, Financial Agent,
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100 Mixed Cards, any name, postpaid, 25c Ag'ts Outfit, 8c. TOLMAN & Co., Brockton, Mass.

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A Promoter of the Growth of the Hair.

A Preparation Free from irritating matter.

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For preserving and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The Cocoanut holds in a liquid form, a large proportion of Cocoine, and

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It softens the hair when hard and dry. It purifies the irritated scalp skin. It affords the richest lustre. It sustains longest in effect.

It is the Best and Cheapest

HAIR DRESSING

In the World.

DIRECTIONS.

Apply with the hand, or a soft brush, every other day, or as often as the case may require; rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair.

To remove *Dandruff, Scurf, &c.*, wash the head with BURNETT'S KALYDOR, rub dry with a towel, and apply the *Cocoaine* as directed.

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IN all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Sore Throat, Bad Cough, Rheumatism, Toothache, Colds, Influenza, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Nervous Debility, Fever and Ague, or with Headache, Toothache, Tic Douloureux, Neuralgia, Sciatica, or with Leanness, Pain in the Head, Heaviness after Meals, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, or Dyspepsia, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Pains or Weakness in any part of the system, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of those complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, be the age of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, whether with or without pain, indigestion or action, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, general debility, universal lassitude of the muscular system, shortness of breath, low spirits, cold feet, nervousness, dizziness, sick headache, nervous headache, wakefulness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, shortness of breath, low spirits, cold feet, nervousness, dizziness, sick headache, nervous headache, wakefulness, dimness of vision, languor, loss of sight, want of attention, dry skin, nervous irritability, hysterics, trembling, sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, pains in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, drowsiness after meals, frightful dreams, restless nights, nightmare, universal lassitude of the muscular system, shortness of breath, low spirits, cold feet, nervousness, dizziness, sick headache, nervous headache, wakefulness, dimness of vision, languor, loss of sight, want of attention, dry skin, nervous irritability, hysterics, trembling, sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, pains in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, drowsiness after meals, frightful dreams, restless nights, nightmare, and all disorganization of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Prepared only by C. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, No. 106 and 108 North Third street, below Vine, Philadelphia. Pa. Look for KUNKEL'S Bible of Health, and take no other. A photograph of the proprietor on each wrapper, all others are counterfeits.

Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist sell you any but KUNKEL'S, which is put up only in square bottles. You can get six bottles for $5. All I ask is one simple trial.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Send for circular. Consultation free by Dr. KUNKEL, 329 North Ninth St., Above Fran. No fee till head and all comes out and is seen alive. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful physician in this country for the removal of Worms, and his WORM SYRUP is pleasant and safe for children or grown persons. Send for circular. Price, $1 a bottle. Get it of Dr. Kunkel. Price, $1 a bottle. Get it of your druggist. It never fails.

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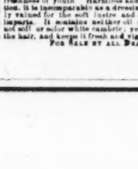

Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.

Cures all diseases of the scalp and hair.

Prevents Baldness.

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Makes the hair soft and glossy.

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Your consideration is respectfully requested to the Grand Depot at Thirteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, as a place of supply for DRY GOODS, MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING, and CLOTHS for making up purposes. The house was founded as a Clothing house in 1861, and grew year by year, enlarging its departments to include other goods, because it seemed right to use the same house and workmen, to distribute as many goods as possible, as this reduces the cost of goods to everybody. The Depot is probably the plainest business structure in the world. The principles of the house are the opposite of those generally followed by tradesmen, and whilst one here and another there, followed in part this plan, the writer believes he had the privilege of founding the equitable system by which business is transacted at the old depot, namely:

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Believing it a duty to do the utmost whatever is given one to do, your kind co-operation is earnestly desired.

John Wanamaker.

13th and Market Sts., Philad'a.

NOTE.—Samples will be sent free, by mail, when letters of request are received.

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HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

SUCH AS

SWITCHES, BRAIDS, CHATELAINES, CURLS, FRIZZES, WAVES, WIGS, etc., of

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THE CHEAPEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE.

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Goods sent to all parts of the country free of all charge. C. O. D. This privilege is a valuable one, and, if not approved, can be returned at my expense.

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It contains 500 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition, and is the only authentic and complete history published. It treats of the grand buildings, processions, openings, and other great events, etc. Very cheap and sells at sight to every family. Send for circular and see our extra terms to Agents and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila delphia.

CAUTION. Unreliable and worthless books on the Exhibition are being circulated. Do not be deceived. See that the book you buy contains 500 pages and 500 fine engravings.

25 Extra Fine printed Cards, with name, 10 and 15 cts. postpaid. Agents Outfit, 10c. Sam., 3 c. GEO. I. READ & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

WANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dealers, our unbreakable glass chimneys and lamp trimmings. Salary and expenses paid. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. MORTON LAMP CO., 204 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FUN 1 pack Popping Question cards, 1pk Flirtation, 1 pk acquaintance, 1 pk scroll for 10c and 3c stamp. J. FORD & CO., Middletown, Mass.

50 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. GEO. W. BRADLEY, 4th, State st. New Haven, Ct.

A GREAT OFFER! We will during the next 90 days sell our Matchless Hand Stamp for $10 instead of $20, the price heretofore. WATKINS' Hand Stamp is the best and cheapest in the market, as it never requires the cumbersome rubber pads, and is the only Hand Stamp that will print DEEP GRAND and CLEAR (PRIGHT PRINTS on ORDINARY PAPER. It will print 1 line, 1 to 6 words, 1 inch long, 3 lines, 1 to 6 words, 2 inches long. Every Stamp WARRANTED. LOCAL AGENTS WANTED in every town and county. Send for circular containing a list of testimonials from those who have purchased, and a liberal discount to dealers. Send for circular. Address, WATKINS & CO., 49 Exchange Place, Providence, R. I. Also manufacturers of the celebrated WATKINS' PATENT PERFECTION PENCIL. Sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents. Agents wanted for this article. Liberal discount to dealers. Address as above.

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The N. Y. Times says: "Wiers' Orchestrion Chime Organ" is a beautiful little instrument, simple and not liable to get out of order, and the tone is full, clear and musical, and the artistic effects capable of being produced by the player are singularly fine.

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We can speak of the merits of the Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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C. J. HEPPE,

Corner of Sixth and Thompson Streets.

25 Elegant Cards, Sparkle, with name, 10 cents, postpaid. GEO. I. READ & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE BLACK HILLS,

And Account of Woodward, by H. S. Maguire, who has spent 6 years in the Hills and Yellowstone to do. The latest, full and correct account of the Country, full of Gold and agricultural and Grazing resources. Climate, Hunting and Mining, the Indians, and Indians' Advocates and Friends. Only book with them. Mining and Wild Western Life, and the great Natural Wonders of this most remarkable country. Selling Cowper, rushing. Immense Cowper, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. Outfit 50 cents. Send a trial copy. Sold only by subscription. Address, H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., Publishers, 148 Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

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ELEGANT GIFTS

TO OUR READERS.

A $12.00 SET

OF

CORAL JEWELRY

GIVEN AWAY.

A very liberal offer is made by the FLflorence Jewelry Company to all the readers of this Paper who will avail themselves of an EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY of securing a handsome set of CORAL JEWELRY FREE, Consisting of a beautiful NECKLACE and CROSS, which will be sold to any one at Coral cost in this country, as the following letter testifies:

OFFICE, FLORENCE JEWELRY CO.
FLORENCE, Italy, 20 November, 1876.

To the Florence Jewelry Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Gentlemen: You may inform all your patrons that the Coral we send you are guaranteed to be VERY BEST of manufacture, and we will regard you as our permanent agents for our Coral.

(Signed) F. M. LAZZERI, Secretary and Treasurer.

CORAL JEWELRY COUPON.

Should it be necessary to correspond with the Florence Jewelry Co. (or separately) in order to secure the CORAL EAR DROPS and BREASTPIN, with LACE and CROSS, or NECKLACE and CROSS, or EAR DROPS and BREASTPIN, as the case may be, please fill out this Coupon and send to the Florence Jewelry Co. at Florence, Italy.

FLORENCE JEWELRY CO.
118 & 120 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

And all correspondence relative to the Engagement

CAUTION! Parties claiming to be agents for Florence Jewelry Co. will please write us direct. We are the only authorized agents of the Company, and will not employ agents who follow after our advertisements.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Should it be necessary to correspond with the Florence Jewelry Co. (or separately) in order to secure the CORAL EAR DROPS and BREASTPIN, with LACE and CROSS, or NECKLACE and CROSS, or EAR DROPS and BREASTPIN, as the case may be, please fill out this Coupon and send to the Florence Jewelry Co. at Florence, Italy.

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CAUTION! Parties claiming to be agents for Florence Jewelry Co. will please write us direct. We are the only authorized agents of the Company, and will not employ agents who follow after our advertisements.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FASHIONS.

As the season approaches for thin dresses, grenadine, fichnet and the like, it will not be found inappropriate to indicate a leading and graceful model by which to make such.

THE COSTUME A PARIS

is such an one. This dress is made with a polonaise. The foundation skirt may, if preferred, be of black silk; black silesia will, however, do just as well. It is well to have a knife-plaiting of silk at the bottom. Above this knife-plaiting is a six-inch flounce of the bernad, piped top and bottom with silk, and cut in square "turrets" at the bottom; the top is plain. This flounce is set on in box-plaits, each turret being made into a plait. A band of bernad laid in plaits turned upwards, or else alternating with silk plaits, holds this flounce in place. Down the centre of this skirt in front, commencing at about eight inches below the waist line, a series of two inch folds, upturned, meeting in a point at the centre, and covering the central width, are disposed. Then on each side are widths shirred on the seam which joins the middle width, and having a two inch frill piped with silk on that side, which overlaps the front width. Where these second or side widths meet the back widths they are disposed in upturned folds five inches apart. This forms the skirt. The polonaise has the plain cuirass form, with the long side seams from the shoulder in the waist part. The fronts are short, just reaching to where the trimming of the underskirt begins, and slope away to the back. In the back are two long widths cut up the middle seam for twelve inches. Just above this open place are a few upturned folds, making a slight drapery for the back; otherwise it falls plainly and smoothly. A knife-plaiting of either silk or grenadine surrounds the entire lower edge of the polonaise. Two with double ends of wide ribbon are placed in the back of this garment, one just above the opening, the other half way down it, and meeting it together. The neck is finished with a turn-down collar, of the material, piped with silk, inside of which is a narrow bright plaiting of silk. Coatsleeves with three overlapping folds, on the outer seam, ending in points below, and falling over the hand are two knife-plaitings of silk. We especially commend this model, and can furnish pattern on receipt of $1, and two stamps for postage.

A very stylish

BUSTER,

or as the French say "Cache-Poussiere," has been shown us. It can be made of linen, mohair, or other suitable fabric. Its form is that of a loose gored sacque, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. It has a double row of machine stitching around the edge and up the front. It is buttoned with large smoked pearl buttons, twelve being used, if large diagonally. The fabric is a single one consisting of two straps, ending in points one on each end, which are wider than the main part of the straps. In the back these straps are disposed on each side of the middle seam, leaving a space of three inches at the belt, and crossing the shoulders in the form of trouline. At the back these straps are even in length, falling six inches below the waist, the points being held down by two buttons, one above the other, on each one; a loop of the strap is six or seven inches above the end of the point, and held by a pearl buckle. In front the right strap extends down to seven or eight inches below the belt, and has a loop and point just as in the back. On the left hand side the strap and loop only extend to the bust. A very stylish effect is produced by this disposition of a novel trimming. Turned down collar, double-stitched on the edge by machine. Half loose sleeves with two buttons on outer seam of the cuff, and a strap with a smaller buckle than those used for the waist fastening, encircle the upper part of the cuff. Two deep pockets are placed on each of the front side seams, rather low down. They are trimmed with buttons three on each.

We think this will be found a very comfortable garment for traveling use.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Marie Stuart and Duchesse Devonshire bertaus are the most fashionable for dress.

The new tint for grenadine veils is sky or robin's egg blue, and is generally becoming to most complexions. All long veils are worn in what is termed Egyptian fashion—that is, the top of the hat, crossed behind, and brought round the neck like a scarf and tied.

Yellow in all the different shades, from Mandarin to cream and lemon color, prevails.

Four button gloves are the leading style.

Linene Nord fabric, known as gauze-line barege, is growing very popular for summer costumes. It is shown principally in dark blue shades, and trimmed with silk of the same, or any shade of yellow.

Black lace veils, dotted with straw and even tiny gold spots are fashionable.

A sort of collarette and shoulder-piece, called the **Modeste**, made of composed of either muslin insertion and lace, or plaited lawn, or lace altogether, is very much in vogue.

Short capes of cashmere, or gray cassimere, are very popular. They are short in the back, ending in long pointed tabs in front, which are lapped one within the other.

Chene lace is growing in popularity for trimming undress-ed, etc. and bids fair to rival the Torchon.

Equestrienne now wear very moderate habit skirts, the old fashion of long ones being past.

OUR WORK TABLE

Our model for this week is

THE NATALIE DRESS.

for a little girl of from two to ten years of age. It is to be made of white muslin, and is a neat and not once graceful and simple. The number of yards required are from four and a half to six, dependent on the size of the child. The front has one deep box plaits from throat to hem laid, down which are placed a row of rather large pearl buttons. The side seams are stopped out like a sacque, and sewed on a band to be worn for a loose easy fit over the hips. The back is arranged in the same way being fastened under the box-plaited. A similar row of buttons trims the plaits, to those upon the front. The sleeves are a loose-fitting coat sleeve, and have a deep ruffle of Hamburg embroidery as cuff. Two overlapping flounces of the same are fitted to the waist, while a similar ruffle is fitted on the neck to form a deep collarette. A sash is worn low down on the hips. Patterns including directions for making 25 cents.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Allie D. S., New Dover, Ohio.—We can furnish you with the patterns for the basque and overskirt of which you speak for sixty-five cents, and two stamps for postage. The basque will take three yards of twenty-seven inch goods. The overskirt will require five and a half yards if trimmed with fringe or lace, and seven if trimmed with knife plaitings. These figures will be ample if you make the dress at home, probably your dressmaker would require more. We thank you very much for your kind words. We are always glad to aid our friends.

Miss Imgle G., Alabama.—Sent bonnet per express on 5th instant. Hope you will like it.

Miss Lizzie Vogt.—We have not the description of receipt for making the lace of which you speak, but will use all endeavor to procure it and send you one through this column. Can't find you are such a warm friend of the Post.

Kitty Le Grand, Missouri.—The Torchon lace is made of linen thread and is suitable for underclothing. We think it will also be good for trimming pique and other white goods.

NEMOS.

AN ARAB'S LOGIC.

A skeptic, through the wilderness of Yin
Was guided by a faithful Bedouin;
And evermore whene'er the fierce simoon
Swept o'er the desert on its wings of gloom—

Or when the waters failed, and for their lack,
The weary camels faltered in their tracks—

The skeptic noted that, with outstretched hands
The Arab threw himself upon the sands,

And pressed his turbaned forehead to the ground,
And hid its face in silence most profound.

"Oh! wherefore kneelest thou?" the skeptic cried
At last in weather "Wherefore, oh! my guide,

Prostrate thyself in this lone desert place,
And in thy fourfolous muffle up thy face?"

"I kneel to worship God," the Arab said;
"To worship God and beg his helping aid."

"A God! a God!" the scoffer laughed. "Poor fool!
The plain to see thou never went to school;

Thou seest not, thou hearest not, dull clod!
How dost thou know there ever was a God?"

"How do I know?"—the Bedouin upraised
His stately head, and on the speaker gazed—

A native dignity, a grave surprise,
Rounding the arches of his dusky eyes—

"How do I know that in the darkness went
Last night a wandering camel past my tent,

And not a man? How know? you demand"
And turning westward to the setting sun,

The Arab's finger pointed to the glow
Of rosy radiance on clouds of snow).

"How know I that there is a God on high?
Lo! by His footprint in you glorious sky!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OR,

MARRIED TO A CHESTNUT.

BY CHARLES A. SWEETLAND.

"I never will!"

"Will what?"

"I never will make myself ridiculous, by marrying a man with a conspicuous name. My name suits me well enough as it is, and I had rather live and die an old maid, than be painted it as Mrs. Jaybird, or as Chipmunk's wife."

The above words were pronounced emphatically, with a decided *staccatto*; they were accompanied by a shake of a mass of auburn curls, and a proud uplifting of the speaker's upper lip, united with a stamp of a neat, dainty, feminine foot.

The speaker was the daughter of Hon. John Olmstead, of Dunkirk, N. Y., was the speaker, the balance of the party, consisting of an elderly lady, Cora's aunt, and Mamie Jennings, her daughter, and consequently Cora's cousin.

The words were spoken to Mamie Jennings, on the pilot deck of the steamer *Beauty*, which was speeding through the green waters of Lake Erie, carrying its freight of human souls, onward to a renewal of land life on *terra firma*.

Water life had been, and was very pleasant. The weather had been fine when the steamer left Buffalo, and had continued so. The moon-tony of a trip around the Lakes had been relished by music and dancing in the *grand salon*, and walks of pleasure on the moonlit deck; still there were hours of *ennui*, to the blither spirits of the two girls, not occasioned by the everlasting sameness, and the lack of congenial compatibions.

When Miss Cora made her emphatic assertion, herself and her cousin Mamie had been standing in front of the wheelhouse, watching the eddying water, fast being cleft by the sharp bows of the *Beauty* and meditating on the problematic future.

Above them, and just behind, stood the captain of the boat; a tall man, with long dark whiskers, and a pair of piercing eyes His hand shaded them as he looked afraid, for the last dying rays of the setting sun were glinting the rippling water, making it as dazzling as a gold ribbed armor. His practiced eye, gazing ahead, saw his course as a scholar runs a map; but to the casual vision of a young man, reclining at his feet and leaning lazily upon the rail, appeared naught but an expanse of monotony, tiresome to look upon.

As a matter of course, he heard the remarks of the young ladies standing so near him, and with a smile he looked up to the captain, saying:

"Captain Olney, who are those young ladies just below us?"

Captain Olney lowered his eyes from his distant point of observation, and allowed them to rest for a moment on his fair passengers.

"Those ladies? Why, Arthur, do you not know them? They are the prettiest girls on board; one of them, the taller one, is the daughter of my friend Judge Olmstead, of Dunkirk, and the other is her cousin, I think a Miss Jennings."

The captain raised his head as he completed his answer, and seeing some familiar water mark, said to the man at the wheel:

"Port your starboard!"

"Ay! ay! sir." came up from the wheelhouse.

The young ladies, tired at last of their continuous gaze at the rippling deps, turned away and descended the narrow stairs to the cabin. As they passed the wheelhouse they looked curiously upward. Both saw the handsome face of the young man above them, and dropped their lids at the earnest, though mirthful gaze of his full blue eyes.

"Cora," said Mamie Jennings, "who is that young man whom we just saw on the wheel house, with Captain Olney?"

"I don't know, Mamie; I wish I did," answered Cora wistfully, for being nineteen and three years older than her cousin, she considered all the young and handsome men in her particular property. "I have not been introduced yet, but I shall ask Captain Olney to do me that favor to-night. Did you notice his eyes? They were very handsome."

"Very! but what if he has your *bete noir*, a peculiarly conspicuous name—*so Jaybird*?"

"Ha! ha! I shall hate him, that's all, but no, 'a handsome name to a handsome man' and I seek an introduction."

After the young ladies had retired, the young man arose from his recumbent position, and placed his hand upon the brawny shoulder of Captain Olney:

"Captain, are you my friend?"

"Well, I think I am. I don't think it's hardly necessary to ask that question of one who trotted you on his knee when you were a baby."

"You are right, old friend; it was hardly fair," and the young man's hand grasped the more brawny one of the captain. "I know you will do me this favor; I want an introduction to these two young ladies."

"Of course, my boy; I was like you too, when your age."

"But one thing more, and most important."

"Two spoils, lee!"

"Ay! ay! sir," came up from below.

"What is it, Arthur?" the Captain asked.

The young man's answer was lost in the laughing plash and the swish of the waters.

"What for?" asked the captain who had heard him.

"Just to please me," answered Arthur; "I will tell you why later."

"Very well, I will, my boy."

That evening, the two young ladies received an invitation to dine at the captain's table, which was nothing unusual, but where they had heretofore only met the captain, his wife, and the first mate, a young man named Charles Ward.

To-night, impelled by some irresistible influence, Cora arrayed herself in her most becoming toilet, and had obtained, by some bribery, well known to the fair sex, from the steward, the only rose on board. This, with its verdant leaves, was arranged in the folds of her hair, in a very becoming style.

She was repaid for her trouble, for upon entering the captain's room, her eyes encountered the same bewildering blue eyes which had peered down upon her from the wheelhouse. The gentlemen arose upon the young ladies' entrance; and Captain Olney introduced them.

"Miss Olmstead, and Miss Mamie Jennings, my friend, Arthur Vernon; Arthur, you must make our trip pleasant for my lady friends."

"I'll try, sir," answered he as they returned salutations.

Cora looked up quickly at her cousin, and her eyes said, "I told you so." Mamie said nothing, but thought, "Cora is certainly struck."

The supper passed very pleasantly, brisk table-talk interspersed the duties of the repast, and all at last arose, seeming well acquainted.

That evening Mamie's mother left her stateroom, for the second time since the steamer left Buffalo, and required the services of her daughter, to assist her about the deck.

Thus Arthur Vernon was left to accompany Cora Olmstead, and relieve the silver setting of a moonlight sky.

Very ably he executed his mission.

Days passed swiftly after that. No more tiresome hours—no more sighs, or wishes for the land. Again Ohio was reached. Only a single day of quiet, passed in her waters. At the change of the moon a storm broke out upon them, which continuing, caused all the ladies to retire to their state-rooms.

The storm however did not retard their course materially, and the passengers soon had the pleasure of seeing the distant spires of Detroit and Milwaukie, gradually appearing. At about eight o'clock in the morning, the steamer *Beauty* entered the commodious harbor, and discharged its animate and inanimate freight.

* * * * *

Nearly one month later we will call, with the reader, at Oconomowoc, Wis. A pleasant party are seated on the portico of Silver Hall. Five ladies in the fullness possess the beauties viewed from this spot: two small lakes, heavily fringed, on one side by bright-tinted shrubs and late flowers, their glassy waters reflecting the bright sky; in many tinted rays, and multiplying them a thousand times in their tiny ripples.

A rustic bridge spans the connecting stream between these lakes, and in the distance an old man is seen fishing.

The grounds of Silver Hall are beautiful; wide spreading trees, well kept walks, and grass as fine as velvet, on the all life real. Joyous life; a merry group are around the swings, an easy-going soul swings in a hammock, suspended between two trees, and further on a busy party of young people are playing croquet, their joyous laugh uniting with the click of the balls.

The parties are well filled, but we have only to do with one group.

Mrs. Jennings, her daughter and neice compose it. Mrs. Jennings is quite tall and stately, dressed in exquisite taste; her dark hair and eyes, of feeling, she, trace her matronly to lithesome Mamie, who is just now deeply interested in a letter from, (shall we tell it?) the interesting mate Mr. Ward. She is young, her matronly duties are conformable and may never amount to anything.

Presently she starts and gazes down the well filled porch.

"Cora, there comes Arthur."

"Where?" asked Cora, starting up, and looking expectantly in the direction indicated by Mamie's finger, then sinking to her seat again as she marked his easy approach.

Arthur Vernon our friend of the steamer *Beauty*, it was true enough. He came up between the chairs of Cora and Mrs. Jennings and placed a hand upon the backs of both.

"Mrs. Jennings, can I rob you of Cora's society for a time? I have a boat and the evening is going to be delightful for a row."

"Oh Arthur! take me too," said Mamie, springing from her seat on the verandah railing and thrusting her letter into her pocket.

"Ah! Mamie; upon my word; every boat is taken but a small one, and that will only accomodate Cora and me."

"Oh you naughty Arthur; you are only saying that to be rid of me, I understand your tricks."

"Mary, stop bothering Arthur; he has a right to choose his company. Certainly Arthur, you have my permission; I truly you will row in before it becomes damp."

"I certainly shall. Come Cora."

Cora who had taken no part in the conversation, was by no means an uninterested listener, and at Arthur's last words she wrapped her light shawl around her, and taking his arm skipped gleefully down the long verandah, to the boat below.

During the month that had passed Arthur Vernon had not been idle. He had stopped a day or two in Milwaukee, on business, then joined the pleasure party, at Silver Hall. It had become fully understood, that he was paying attentions to Cora Olmstead, although naught had ever been said, to warrant the deduction.

To-night with the full-faced moon shining upon them, Arthur Vernon rowed up and down the beautiful lake,

"Whose waters,
Reflecting the heavens, bright rays,
Seemed but a bed of molten silver."

Neither seemed to desire conversation, and for a long time no word was said. At last Cora spoke.

"Arthur, cease rowing awhile, and repeat to me that beautiful verse you did the other night."

"The one of Shakspeare's?"

"Yes."

Obediently he placed his oars, and allowing the boat to drift, repeated, in a rich mellow voice, these lines:

"Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stilled
Thy beauty's form, in table of my heart.
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective, it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath its windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turn eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee."

"That is beautiful," said Cora.

"And true," added Arthur.

Cora blushed but remained silent. At the risk of overturning the boat, Arthur moved to the corner, and gently reclining in the bottom, on the Turkish rug which lined the boat, took Cora's hand.

Cora, it seems almost useless for me to tell you what my eyes have told you each moment since we met, but, knowing that they speak the truth, you certainly will not be surprised, when I tell you that I wish you to be my own—my wife, that I love you with a pure earnest love, as should be given to one, fitted to be to me, my other, better life. I think you return my love. Am I right?"

"Yes, Arthur," she answered timidly.

"Do you care for me—for myself, or do you care only for Arthur Vernon?"

"I do not know what you mean, Arthur."

"I'll tell you Cora. I once heard a remark of yours which I have always remembered. It was heard before I was introduced to you, on the pilot deck of the *Beauty*; you said, 'I never will make myself ridiculous by marrying a man with a conspicuous name. I had rather live and die an old maid, than to be pointed at as Mrs. Jaybird, or as Chipmunk's wife.' Now, Cora, I am not going to force you to feel that I am willing to make you, my dear, appear in the least ridiculous."

"Why Arthur! Your name is not conspicuous; *Hide Vernon*."

"Cora, that is not my whole name; my name is *Arthur Vernon Chestnut*. I asked Captain Olney to omit the Chestnut; as I heard you say that you disliked a conspicuous name, I could not ask you to become my wife, without first telling you the truth."

"I have learned to love you, as Arthur Vernon, but I know I cannot cease to love you as Arthur Chestnut."

"Do you think you can be happy married to a Chestnut."

"I am willing to risk it."

* * * * *

Some surprise was manifested at the disclosure of Arthur Chestnut's real name, but cheerful and hearty were the congratulations given the engaged pair.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

When we were traveling in Italy, Paul and I, being scarcely more than truant schoolboys, either of us, for Paul was but nineteen, and I only a few months over twenty, we lingered long in Florence, and wandered dreamily about the town, breakfasting always at the Cafe Doney—I wonder if it is there now—and amusing ourselves by watching the Austrian officers, grave and pompous in their cumbrous uniforms, and the pleasant-faced girls and musical-voiced young men, giving each other shy greetings as they came for their breakfasts, and the smaller boys and girls dodging about, selling soap, matches and flowers.

One of the most interesting of these little flower maidens was a tiny girl with large, soft brown eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, and a pretty, piquant face, whose expression varied from sad to merry in a twinkling.

I called her Mignon, for she constantly reminded me of the strange creation of Goethe's imagination, though she had not the airy lightness and witching unreality of that ideal.

The first time we noticed her particularly was at the close of a delicious day, late in April, when we had wandered far out on a shadowy road, and enjoyed to the utmost the sweet breath of early spring, laden with the perfume of those wonderful violets that only the sunshine of Italy seems to develop in their full perfection.

Paul was complaining, as we neared the Cafe Doney, that he had not brought any of the blue-eyed treasures home with him for my room.

I told him the sun would have withered them long before we reached the town, but he was muttering and scolding yet, when we nearly stumbled over a shy little figure, hidden deep in the shadow of a carved column, and moaning sadly a musical little refrain, that sounded like "Molto Desperando." many times repeated.

"What is the matter, chicken?" I asked, stopping suddenly as the mournful little face came into view.

"Why, it is Mignon," called out Paul, and putting his two hands under her arms, he raised her to her feet, but she sank down again with a low moan of pain.

"Oh, Mignon, what is the matter?" cried Mamie, springing from her seat on the verandah railing and thrusting her letter into her pocket.

"Oh, Mamie; upon my word; every boat is taken but a small one, and that will only accomodate Cora and me."

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Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
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I knew he rather prided himself upon belonging to a good family, and I wondered if his *fiancee* was rich or only intellectual.

I went with abundant interest and some curiosity to the town where Paul lived. He was out when I arrived; but his widowed mother greeted me kindly.

We had a long talk before he returned.

She was so glad Paul was to be married.

"Is it Miss Peyton?" I asked.

"No," she answered; "it is an Italian lady—a countess. And she is so wealthy. Oh! such magnificent estates in Italy; and Paul is going there with her next year."

My thoughts went back to that dim old town across the sea.

I saw Paul's face in the violets, and the dark-eyed child beside him.

I wondered if, when he went on that trip to look after those vast estates, he would find the little flower girl there.

Then Paul came home, and sat down for a long chat.

"It seems strange that you are going to be married," I said.

And he said, "Yes," and then we did not refer to that subject again.

I was Paul's sister's escort, as she was first bridesmaid.

The carriages were at the door when Paul drew me aside to see his wife that was to be.

The little reception-room was half dark, and a foamy mass of white lace and white silk moved out from the shadowy corner; but a glad little voice gave a low murmur of delight, as two slender hands fluttered into mine, and I said in utter bewilderment—

"Mignon! Mignon!"

"Of course," laughed Paul.

"And she is so rich, and a countess," I went on.

"Fudge," said Paul. "When her mother died and left her alone—she had my address—of course, like the impulsive little thing she is, she came to me. She had not a penny. I paid for her schooling. Lena made up the rest, pleasant little fiction. I don't deny it—why should I? All the gold in the world would not make her more or less to me, Mignon."

And the roseate light in her wonderful eyes was hid for a moment on his shoulder.

Thank Heaven they are very happy.

It seldom happens that any period of human existence, whether extensive or contracted, passes by without some peculiar circumstance occurring calculated to produce painful sensations. To those who for the first time in the life of a child are separated from its parents, the following little thing she is, she came to me. She had not a penny. I paid for her schooling. Lena made up the rest, pleasant little fiction. I don't deny it—why should I? All the gold in the world would not make her more or less to me, Mignon."

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SCIENTIFIC.

AGATES AND CORNELIANS.—A very large proportion of the agates and cornelians of commerce come from Cambay, which has been celebrated for these stones since the time of Ptolemy. The nodules of agate are derived from immense beds in the debris of the trap rocks in the Rajpeepie Hills, near Ruttunpoor, to the east of Broach. The lapidaries who cut and polish the stones, reside chiefly in the bay and Jubbulpore.

ABOUT THE MISTLETOE.—MM. Grandeau and Bouton have found (1) that the composition of the mistletoe differs essentially from that of the species of trees on which it grows; (2) that the composition varies with the species; (3) that it contains much more potash and phosphoric acid than its supporting trees, and much less lime; (4) that it seems to live on the tree like a plant on the soil—it takes from the parts filled with nutritive juices the inorganic matter necessary for its organization.

TO SLATE BUILDINGS.—A very economical system of slating buildings with large slates is as follows. The rafters are placed at a clear distance apart about one and a-half inches less than the width of the slates. Down the centre of each rafter is nailed a fillet, thus forming two rocks in the flat people Hills, near Ruttunpoor, to the east of Broach. The lapidaries who cut and polish the stones, reside chiefly in the bay and Jubbulpore.

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TREE FELLING BY ELECTRICITY.—A novel and interesting experiment has been already made and there can be little doubt that ultimately great results will accrue from what at first sight appear to have been not a great success. The experiment referred to was tree-felling by electricity instead of by the ordinary method of the chimney axe. The plan is simple. The two ends of the copper wires of a galvanic battery are connected with platinum wire, which, of course, instantly becomes red hot, and while in that state it is gently see-sawed across the trunk of the tree to be felled. The burning wire continued to saw away well so long as it lasted, but, as anticipated, the wire continually broke, and a fresh piece had to be put in its place. The latter long down in the temperature so considerably that a sweating of moisture on the plate of which the curtain, or shutter, as it is, speaking strictly, is composed. The material made for the fireproof theatre is so fast high and 46 feet wide. The method of riveting the plates of which it is composed, and of raising and lowering it, are the subjects of patents.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No remitted article will be returned unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles for instance should, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of non-publication we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

R. M. (Peoria, Ind.).—Do nothing contrary to the precepts of the religion of your parents. They are your best advisers, for they can have nothing in view but your prosperity and happiness.

Y. E., (Little Chute, Wis.).—For tetter or dandruff, wash the head twice a week in warm water and soap, afterwards washing with cold water, and always use the brush frequently.

TED, (Lockwood, Mich.).—The names of the stars that rise and set with the sun, and are consequently called morning and evening stars, are Venus and Jupiter. We will take your request into consideration.

C. G., (Wolfsville, Md.).—To strengthen the voice—Haw eggs are useful for clearing and strengthening the voice, and are excellent food for weakly persons. They are rendered much more easily digested than any other article of food.

JOAN, (Richmond, Va.).—There is certainly no harm in playing at cards, if the game is merely for amusement and the stakes are small. The evil is that money is almost always at stake, and the more the game, in itself quite harmless, is abused.

M. P., (Burlington, N. J.).—You can go and take your goods wherever you find them, your wife has a right to follow you home, if any man helped her, you can give him into custody. You can take your child from her if it is seven years of age.

JANE, (Greenleaf, Minn.).—Blushing may be prevented by mixing frequently in well-informed society, cultivating a cool and dispassionate manner, neither doing nor thinking any harm, and entering the mind with every variety of useful information.

S. C., (Jordan, Wis.).—Love at first sight is a kind of delusion. It is bewilderment of the senses. Real love is the result of acquaintanceship, similarity of tastes and harmony of temper. Such love is entitled to be treated respectably as the violent passion of a child for a glittering toy.

P. P., (Livonia, Ind.).—If you have anything written with a lead pencil that you wish to preserve from smearing, dip the pages into skimmed milk. Then dry if and write it on the wrong side. In ironing paper, do not rest a moment in one place, or it will leave a crease or mark; but go over it as rapidly as possible.

JOE, (Johnstown, O.).—The air is not heated by the rays of the sun, because the air is a very bad conductor of heat. The heat of earth, and the earth heats their resting upon it. The air thus heated rises, and its place is filled by other air, which in turn becomes heated in a similar manner, until the whole volume is warmed by the consecutive process.

A. M. (Godfrey, Ill.).—You are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may meet, but if you do engage in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank, and speak out to him your whole mind. Tell him those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to a friendship than prevarication and deceit.

JESSIE, (Raleigh, Ill.).—A married man who can act in the manner described, is certainly one whose friendship no lady should be, and whose sense of marital duty is extremely weak. Let not such a one be wedded, we say; and a young lady who submits to receive his osculatory salutes and amatory tokens of remembrance is decidedly open to censure.

REBECCA, (Pinckney, Md.).—To remove superfluous hair—Take of river two ounces; yellow orpiment, one ounce; lithargue, one ounce. Mix together and sift through silk, and then dilute with soap and water (fill they're dry for five minutes. Anoint the part and let it dry for five minutes. Anoint the part and let it with the nail and wash immediately afterwards in warm water.

HENRY (Orient, Iowa.).—Sobriety is an indispensable qualification. A drunkard is not to be trusted. The mistake you make in your situation. One dram in the morning will destroy health sooner than two drams in the evening, and drunkenness is the most powerful cheer at the moment, is destructive in the end. It leads men to spend with money they ought to, so frequent public houses, and so keeps them poor, besides rendering them unfit for their work.

A. L., (Little Mills, W. Va.).—An oath is an invocation to the Deity, to confirm the truth or falsehood of a statement, to witness a pledge, a promise, or an engagement. Its solemnity is only exceeded by the sense of responsibility. A promise or declaration not ratified by oath, is a matter between man and the individual conscience. An oath, on the contrary, appeals to, and affects the universal conscience.

NELLY, (Anson, Mo.).—We doubt whether you would be justified in considering yourself correctly, for a "gentleman" to whom a lady had been casually introduced would certainly not require any assurance from her friends as to the propriety of recognize him on a subsequent meeting. A gentleman would wait for recognition from the lady, and if it is not given he must not take it as a circumstance in disgrace, but accept it as an intimation that a further acquaintance is not desired.

T. H., (Oil Springs, Ky.).—You ought to be above giving way to such a feeling on occasion. It is no sign of strength, but it is a sign of weakness. It is the sign of a mind easier to take him captive, and whirl him hither and thither as a toy, than to make a disciplined. The fiery faculty of wrath is no doubt a useful one when well managed. But, like other inflammable things, it must always be kept in complete subjection, as when it once gets the upper hand it rages and destroys without discriminating.

K. D., (Mannville, S. C.).—The love which you describe is a mere fancy, and not genuine and permanent sentiment than the passion which takes birth all in a moment. When a lady waits before she gives her final decision, communes with herself, examines into the state of her own affections, and calculates the witching monosyllable, "yes," she is generally sure that she has answered sincerely and candidly, as well as prudently; than if she were at once to give the affirmative answer without adequate consideration.

A. S. (Morristown, N. J.).—Do not believe it, for the instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she loses the real power. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately oak, and is a real ornament to the witching monosyllable, "yes," she is generally sure that she has answered sincerely and candidly, as well as prudently; than if she were at once to give the affirmative answer without adequate consideration.

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THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY IN MAY.

BY PHILIP F. SNYDER.

the country, the country! how I've been deceived!
ith tales of its pleasures which I have believed.
They said what the poets enchantingly say
Of the delights of the sweet-scented May.
ow gushes the silvery streamlet of spy flow-
ers,
ith their perfume as she walks with the hours!
They said—"Forget!—I rose with the dawn,
And basked in fragrance of the sweet morn.
Where nothing about the wet grass;
Where nothing about the wet grass;
Of wood pipes and peddles their sounds are quite
clear,
Let my feet not and all covered with dirt,
And my clothes not one thread, and not dreadfully hurt.
Their sayings turned out to be baseless young,
That I'd be delighted and sticks, as I talked, on my
clothes!
The insects were up too, and wouldn't "keep mum,"
But made me feel cruzy with buz, while mud hum.
Got in my eyes, and they lit on my cheeks;
They got in my ears, and they lit on my cheeks;
They filled my head snarling, I played many freaks
On me, and peddles their sounds are quite

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1877

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1877.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We this week present the Post to its many readers greatly enlarged in size, clothed in a complete new typographical dress, and otherwise vastly improved. The size has been increased from forty eight to fifty-six columns, a clear gain to the reader of eight columns. Besides, the columns are longer, and the type we have placed smaller than formerly; hence we shall be able to give in each issue a much greater quantity of reading matter than any single number of the Post has contained for some years past.

All the old, familiar features of the paper will be retained, whilst, from time to time, new features and improvements will be added, which cannot fail to meet with the entire approbation of our patrons. We shall continue to present striking and fa scinating serials from the pens of the best fiction writers, and as a sample of their quality we have only to point out "Elaine" and "What Will They Do With Him?" the serials now running in our columns.

Short stories and miscellaneous sketches will also receive due attention, our aim being always to procure the very best available item to be had. In short, we shall conscientiously endeavor to make the Post, now more than ever, the best and most popular family paper in the land, and we trust that all those who, for so many years, have stood by this journal, the oldest one of its class in this country, will continue to favor us with their support, and that the general public will also give us a fair and impartial hearing. We shall aim to cater for no particular set of readers, but shall strive to please all who relish good, pure literature, and like to have a paper which they can in perfect safety introduce into their home-circles.

Those who have been often given the Post a liberal share of their advertising patronage, will find it to their advantage to continue their favors, as the circulation of our paper is large, and our rea ders of the buying classes. We would also call the attention of the mercantile community at large to these facts, and would assure them that they can find no better advertising medium than the Post.

The office of this paper has been removed to No. 27 South Seventh street, from whence it will be issued in future, and to that address all communications should now be sent. The Central News Company will, as usual, continue to furnish the newsdealers with copies.

TRANSLATIONS AND TRANSLATORS.

At the present time, when people in this country are just beginning to find out what a wealth of fine reading matter, especially in the way of fiction, is locked up in the French and German languages, it becomes a matter of considerable importance to know how translations are made, and whether, in the majority of cases, they are reliable or not.

Publishers will tell the inquirer that, as a rule, they never compare translations with the originals, but form their ideas of their worth from the MSS presented for examination. If the work has been done smoothly and the story as translated has interest, nothing further is required, the matter of correct translation being left altogether with the conscience of the translator.

And a direct consequence of this state of things, the majority of translators, feeling that they are under no supervision whatever, take the utmost license with their work, and add, alter or omit, according as the whim takes them, so that, in but few instances, are the translations of even current French or German novels exact reproductions of the originals, the sole desire of the translators appearing to be to get through their tasks as quickly as possible. In fact, they do not seem to care in the least whether their translations are reliable or the reverse, so that they can turn out a sufficient number of them, and, at the same time, make them readable.

Another circumstance tends to foster the condition of affairs, and that is the fact that publishers now-a-days address strictly to the rights of authors, and the international system, namely that of reciprocity, gives a look to in point of protection, even if they have not the MS. in hand, no other firm will issue a rival edition of the same work. This system, of course, is well enough as applied to native literature, but it is the very bane of translations. For instance, a novel is issued in Paris or Berlin and makes a sensation and a first-class hit. The news reaches this country before the book itself, and one of our many enterprising publishers will announce the work. The romance may be correctly and faithfully translated by parties, and in the employ of the announcing house, but that will make not the least difference—they cannot get their versions before the public, because the story has already been announced, and the public will have to be content with just such a translation as the party doing the work for the announcing house may see fit to get out. Hence, having what is termed a sure thing, the employed translator will do the work carelessly and imperfectly.

We hold that translations, if worth executing at all, are worth doing well, and that no one should undertake it e work of making one, who has not first decided to reproduce the original as it came from the hands of the author. Alterations and omissions are not wanted, and we would say to all translators of French and German novels, give us exact reproductions of the works in hand, or give us nothing.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

An eminent London physician has written an elaborate article to prove that the use of tobacco, either for chewing or smoking purposes, is not only vastly prejudicial to health, but will eventually cause blindness. The physician writes learnedly, and clearly sets forth in each of the most cogent and convincing arguments to establish his position, but, unfortunately for his case, the world is full of chewers and smokers of the weed who are not only not blind but see even more clearly than he does. There can be no doubt that the use of tobacco in any form is to a certain extent injurious, but that it will cause any great or permanent injury to the user is absurd.

Those who go to the theatre in this country, and are familiar with the easy manner of procuring secured seats at the box office on the night of the performance, can hardly realize the difficulties encountered by the London amusement-seekers. To such the following information will prove interesting: The first step in the rather arduous enterprise of going to the theatre in London is, I think, another requirement that the habitue of the stage are not really in the temperament and the manners of the people. This first step is to go to an agency in an expensive street out of Piccadilly, and there purchase a stall for the sum of eleven shillings. You receive your ticket from the hands of a smooth, sleek, bottle-nosed clerk, who seems for all the world as if he had stepped straight out of a volume of Dickens or of Thackeray. There is almost always an old lady taking seats for the play, with a heavy carriage in waiting at the door; the number of old ladies whom one has to squeeze past in the stalls is, in fact, very striking. "Is it good?" asks the old lady of the gentleman I have described, with a very sweet voice and a perfectly expressionless face. (She means the play, not the seat.) "It is thought very good, my lady," says the clerk, as if he were uttering a "response" at church; and, my lady being served, I approach with my humbler petition. The dearness of places at the London theatres is a sufficient indication that play-going is not a popular amusement, three dollars is a high price to pay for the privilege of witnessing any London performance that I have seen.

At present, almost anything relating to Russia and the Russians has a certain degree of interest for all readers. The Czar has under his government a very many nations, each of peculiar people, whose dress, habits and manners are almost totally unknown outside of his dominions. The war has brought these strange people into notice, and the newspapers of the day teem with accounts of them. Among the curious of the Czar's subjects are the singing gypsies of Moscow. Concerning these people a recent writer says: But by far the most sightly class of people to be met with in Russia are the famous singing gypsies of Moscow. These people, who are gifted with a well-to-do air, are not accustomed to wander about like others of their race, dress with great finery, but yet with a natural eye to artistic effect. Their songs, which nearly always consist of an air with a chorus, are usually accompanied upon the balalaika, a sort of guitar, are greatly admired by travellers. In fact, it has been said of them, that if they are not the best singers in the world at all like them; and there is a story current that the famous Catalani was once so delighted with a certain female gypsy vocalist, that she threw round the shoulders of the singer a costly shawl which she herself had lately been presented with by the Empress.

CISTERN WATER.

In our climate, where rain is abundant during a considerable portion of the year, the water falling upon the roofs of the house, if properly collected and stored, is ample for the whole supply of the family which that roof shelters. This water as it falls is ordinarily free from any impurity that can affect its taste, and from every source of serious fouling, though after a long continued drought it is well to divert and discharge upon the surface of the ground the first ten minutes' flow of a shower so that the impurities of the air, and the dust of the roof may be first removed. After this dash, lead to the cistern all that follows. Even with this precaution the water will be more agreeable for use if filtered. There are numerous modes of making filters in cisterns, but no other is so simple, nor so durable and satisfactory as the separation of that part of the cistern from which the suction-pipe leads by a wall of brick and cement. It is simply necessary to build a wall of brick on edge (two and a half inches thick), so as to include about one-quarter of the area of the bottom, sloping it back so as to terminate against the side of the cistern at a height of from four to six feet. This wall should be so well cemented at its joints that water can only pass through the material of brick, and for strength its form should be slightly bulging. A wall of this sort, measuring my six feet at its

PERSONAL.

Beecher recommends early marriages.

Jeff. Davis is going to publish his memoirs.

Mary Clemmer don't like the Harte-Clemens play.

The Omaha people are dining and wining Gen. Crook.

Princess Lydia Kamahenka Liliuokalani reigns in Hawaii.

A son of the famous Schampyl has offered his services to the Pope.

They are saying that Harriet Beecher Stowe is recruiting.

Gen. J. B. Hood has just been presented with his third pair of twins.

Halleck's literary activity was included within a period of two years.

Prof. C. V. Riley, of the Entomological Commission, is back in St. Louis.

Only six Americans have received the ribbon of the French Legion de Honneur.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says, "Let us make our education brave and preventive."

H. E. Scudder is president of the Western Pennsylvania Amateur Press Association.

Mrs. Mary H. Hamilton, lately deceased, was a granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton.

Meissonier has a remarkable portrait of Alexander Dumas in the Paris Salon this year.

President Hayes owns a tract of several thousand acres of land on the Tres Palacios in Texas.

Jesse R. Grant, who goes abroad with his father, is to write letters for the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Hon. George Oliphant Deacon is inspecting American prisons from an Australian standpoint.

Austin D. Moore has married the same woman twice, and now she wants her second divorce.

The Right Hon. Lord Clarence Edward Paget has been looking over the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Joe Jefferson is to play at the Haymarket in London in June, but he abandons Rip Van Winkle for the time.

Prince Charles of Roumania is an amiable prince, but without remarkable ability. He is a Hohenzollern.

The Queen of Belgium and her daughter cause much being run over by an American horse car the other day.

There is a silly report from abroad that Grant is to be made commander-in chief of the Russian armies in the field.

The daughters of the late John D. Lee, of Mountain Meadow Massacre notoriety, are living in most comfortable circumstances.

Redfield, the Cincinnati Commercial correspondent, is constantly astounding the Southerners by a declaration of his tectotal principles.

Dr. Holmes says that in France wealth increases while population remains stationary, while in Germany it is population that increases.

Carlyle, who wrote "Sartor Resartus" and "Latter Day Pamphlets," is now eighty-two years old.

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Joaquin Miller, who rented his house to the Austrian Minister, Count Hoyas, when the latter left Washington recently, left a sale of his contents to "the effects in the house lately occupied by the Austrian Minister." Shepherd's cold tin pans brought fabulous prices under the impression that they had served the titled foreigner.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city, "Free Prisoners, a Story of California Life," by Jane W. Stedman. The interest in a story of this kind is crisp and entertaining style, and proves its authoress to be remarkably skillful with the pen. It is the story of the "Vigilance Committee" of California life, but a portion of the action takes place in New Orleans. The story hinges on the exchange of the children of two families, and their subsequent adventures make up the book. The plot is well conceived and excellently carried out, and the characters are drawn with vivid and graphic strokes. In the course of the tale a spirited picture of Mardi Gras in '49 is presented. "Free Prisoners" is clearly printed on a good quality of paper, and is neatly bound in cloth.

Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have issued a very entertaining volume for summer reading, called "A Year Abroad," by Students of School Life." This book is edited by Aaron Sheely, and is illustrative of the character of the boarding-school girls of this and other cities, of teachers and scholars in ancient and modern times. It is paragraphic in character, and while rich in the vein of quiet humor and originality, yet contains quite a number of good things that have never before appeared in print. The book is 12 mo size, 300 pages, and is bound in cloth.

The current number of the "Lakeside Library," issued by Messrs. Donnelly, Lloyd & Co., Chicago, is before us. It contains Wm. Black's excellent novel, "Madcap Violet," one of the best and most delightful romances of the gifted writer. The "Lakeside Library" is an institution in the land, and is especially popular from its cheapness.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, send us "Petites Causeries," a new method of instructing young learners in the French language. The work is not burdened with pretending grammar, and yet everyone, who aims only to give a thorough knowledge of the words and phrases in general use for ordinary conversation, finds in "Petites Causeries" a superior book. The chapters are very finely written, and are of a deeply touching character. Altogether, the book is a worthy companion to "Helen's Babies."

Daniel and the Danube.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

"Got a neat thing for you," said young Mr. Flaxter, the leading tailor, entering into the sanctum yesterday morning in his usual hearty way, "tip-top thing—in fact, mighty big ground-hog thing. Rent so neat a thing in a new and elegant house combined—cistern, tandoon and pun as I ever saw. If I do say it myself. What is the difference between the Prophet Daniel and the Danube river?"

We said there was a right smart chance of a difference.

"Well, yes," said Mr Flaxter, "but be specific—be exact."

We passed wholly and selfsher with" startling promptness. "The Prophet Daniel was in the lion's den, the Speaker's desk, and we had to guess. We said, Because one is Dan you won, and the other is Dan and from every source of serious fooling, though after a long continued drought it is well to divert and discharge upon the surface of the ground the first ten minutes' flow of a shower so that the impurities of the air, and the dust of the roof may be first removed. After this dash, lead to the cistern all that follows. Even with this precaution the water will be more agreeable for use if filtered. There are numerous modes of making filters in cisterns, but no other is so simple, nor so durable and satisfactory as the separation of that part of the cistern from which the suction-pipe leads by a wall of brick and cement. It is simply necessary to build a wall of brick on edge (two and a half inches thick), so as to include about one-quarter of the area of the bottom, sloping it back so as to terminate against the side of the cistern at a height of from four to six feet. This wall should be so well cemented at its joints that water can only pass through the material of brick, and for strength its form should be slightly bulging. A wall of this sort, measuring my six feet at its

THE STORY OF A TICKET AGENT.

BY M. R. QUACKENBOS.

"Western train's gone, ma'am," said Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting-room of the little depot.

"The train I was to take?" I said, gasping.

"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the next Western train due?"

"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours to wait. Be dreeful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that lives in t'other part o' the house—s'pose I tote you in there. I know Mrs. Holly'll give you a bite o' suthin' ter eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her spare bed. Fine woman. Mrs. Holly is—I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you, sir. I dare say that I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Well, jess as you please. But now I must be goin'. Hope you'll git to your journey's end safe, ma'am. Good-by!"

And Farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the sanitary building dignified by the name of depot, and, when the time came for me to return home she placed me in the care of a neighboring farmer who was going too distant village, and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave away, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After Farmer Brown left me, I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying on the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window, and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places! Wonder why this is an exception?" I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "Oh, probably the place is kept clean by the Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues Farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?"

And I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartments.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, and, entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of buff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains, festooned with ivy, hung at the windows, and here and there were books, brackets, pictures and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so "homey" and pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay in a white-draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of golden hair lying over his white brow, and a great, red, velvety rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three years—a little mite of a woman, with a bright, dark face vividly colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair wound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She arose with a smile when I entered.

"Excuse me; but can I trouble you for a glass of water?" I said.

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me," and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a salver covered with a snowy napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious strawberries, and a plate of sponge-cake light as yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if I take too great a liberty, but, you see, Farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are!" I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to me. If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. If so, just step in here."

And she led the way into a little white bedroom—the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who had sat in the hot waiting-room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman, and, after the manner of our sex, we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was living laughingly upon her comfortable sofa, and she, seated in her low rocker, was sitting, stitching away at her baby's dress, she told me the romance of her life.

"I have lived in this little depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here, and he owned all the property around. Well that, when he died, they kindly allowed me to remain in his place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraphy and all that other work. I must confess that after father's death, I became acquainted with Jack—Jack Holly—my husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and is now, too), and everybody considered him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are." The weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"A weak, white girl held all his heartstrings in her small, white hand," I said.

"Yes, and I dare say I often pulled Jack's heartstrings rather hard; but he was gentle and patient when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap to board for the summer at a farmhouse in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well-dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls. And Jack was kind and well-mannered, but he didn't have a bit of "style" about him, and "style" was what I doted on in them days, so I snubbed Jack, and smiled on Mr. Devarges to the full extent of his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat graver and sad, he came into the ticket office. The last passenger train had gone, and I was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take freight.

"'Well, how long is this thing going to last?' said Jack.

"'What thing?' I snapped out.

"'Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going beyond a mere flirtation.'

"'Pray, what of it?'

"'Only that I do not wish my future wife's name joined with that of a——' Jack paused, then added earnestly: 'Well, I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?'

"Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than I can say of some others,' I said, hotly; and then some demon prompted me to add, 'And, Mr. Holly, in regard to your future wife, I believe I do not aspire to that honor—and—and—here is your ring.' I drew off the little gold wedding band and handed it to him.

"'Nell, do you mean this?' inquired Jack, with white lips.

"'Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticising. The affair may be ended now and for ever,' petulantly.

"'So be it, then. Good-by,' said Jack, and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half that I said, and every one seemed to expect that Jack would him and I would be married, and I was just then 'the special' came pulling up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman, whom I had known since I was a wee girl.

"'Good-day, Miss Nellie. Everything prosperous, I hope. Will you do a favor for me?'

"'Certainly, sir, if I can.'

"'Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a gentleman who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and now I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up into the woods to see about laying out a new railroad. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I'm gone?'

"'If you'll trust me.'

"'Bless my soul! you, of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good mor ning.'

"Scarcely had pretty Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in.'

"'Got quite a little sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie?' eyeing the bills in my hand.

"'Yes,' I replied, laughing. 'Mr. Sayre made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars! How rich I should feel if it were mine.'

"'You deserve to have much more, and doubtless that pretty face will win it.'

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said, 'Take a chair, Mr. Devarges.'

"'No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But will you allow me to call on you this evening?'

"Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mamma and sister Lulu are away, and a little while ago I received from grandma saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her.

"It was true that I had received such word from grandma, but I had no thought of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack would come and make up, and of course, I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges call at the same time.'

"'What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?' continued inquisitive Mr. Devarges.

"'Oh, I shall put it right here in this drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly secure.'

"'Pray. Good-morning,' and, with a courtly bow, my admirer left.

"All during the day I busied myself about my duties, and when night came, I put on the dress Jack liked best, and anxiously waited his coming.

"Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! nine o'clock! The last train had come and gone, and my duties for the day were over. I put out the light in the ticket office, went into the sitting room, and sat down by the window. Half-past ten! No use waiting any longer—he wouldn't come.

"I shivered with a nameless dread and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth. I pushed it back, and reaching my hand to remove it I found it was a handkerchief saturated with what? Chloroform!

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?

"I silently arose, and just then almost screamed in fear when a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight! I placed my hand upon my heart to still its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and advanced into the sitting-room. No one was there, but some one was in the ticket-office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money!—oh, the money left in my charge! Somebody was stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position!

"'Rather lose life!' I said to myself. 'I'll defend that money unto death!' and I looked about for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office door.

"'God aid me!' I said, with white lips, and then opened the door of the office. I stole softly in. A man with his back toward me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him when he started around.

"'My God! it was Clarence Devarges!'

"'Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this pretty'—he seized me by the throat and uttering a fearful oath, struck me a blow. Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark.

"For the first time in my life, I fainted.

* * * * * * *

"When I recovered, Jack's face was bending tenderly over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arm about his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"'Jack, is he dead, Jack?'

"'Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol-wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but it will prevent his escape.'

"'But how came you there?'

"'Why you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but to-night after I came home, I made up my mind to come around and try and "make up."

"I rather think that was the time it became, when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and "black leg" had come up in these parts. He gave a description, and it suited Devarges to a dot, even to the mustache. And, by-the-way, Nell, that silky moustache you so admired was false, and fell off in our scuffle.

"'Well, as I was saying, as I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I'd see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you, and I heard him mutter: "The deuce take it! She is at home after all!" What the deuce made him think you were not at home I can't say. Now, I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird's asleep.

"'So he sat down under one tree and I sat down under another. We both saw you when you came and blew out the light. After that you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp, I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know all the rest.'

"'Jack,' said I, tearfully, 'you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?'

"'Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am—my only romance.

"There! the baby has woke up! See him stretch out his little arms! I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him. He isn't a bit afraid of strangers.

The Difference.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

A western lawyer has installed drawer in a bureau for her own private use, and will pack away in it bright bits of bones, of all shades and sizes, dainty fragments of calicoes, and scraps of lace, fancy ruffles, velvet things for the neck, bundles of old love-letters, pieces of jewelry, handkerchiefs, fans, things that he may know the names of, sorts of fresh-looking, bright little traps that you couldn't catalogue in a column, and any boarder in the city or neighborhood can get a full outfit of any article she may want without disturbing anything else. Whenever a man, having a drawer in a bureau, wants to get anything he has to turn the whole bureau upside down and dump the contents out on the floor, and then he can't find it. Just then the wife comes in and wants to know what he is looking for, and he tells her, and she says it is in the upper drawer, and he says he looked there, and she says he didn't look right, and he says he looked right, and she says he didn't look right, and he says he looked right, and she says he didn't look right, and he says he looked right

COME BACK TO ME.

A shepherdess once found the air
Like treasure buried in the earth,
And bound me with a silver chain,
And hid me from the sight of men,
As from the fair-eyed light of morn
The miner hides his sparkling ore.
Oh, come back to me!

A tiny bangle of fairy build
Was this chain, silvery and cool,
I stepped upon the enchanted sand,
And laughed when with the greatest ease
Around the low hill's purplish gloom,
The golden lights of twilight could pass,
Yet under words they fluttered free.
My darling, Oh come back to me!

The morning's rosy light revealed,
Far out upon the diamond bay,
A ship whose sails of magic hue,
Bore her whom I loved away.
Bought but the echo of those words,
A wistful sigh, a tear,
That over the sea, and back to me,
To still the loneliness fall of pain.

The months have lengthened into years,
I stand alone upon the strand,
My memories are my only joy,
They cannot reach the quiet land,
Of that dim and misty world
From life's tempest-troubled sea,
Only safely sail those that at last,
Have anchored at eternity.

I trace the shadowy outlines dim,
The misty shores that gleam afar,
My wearied heart and tired eyes
The glory of a falling star.
Though I am weary, yet love is strong.
My ears turn to the moonlit sea,
A banquet at ancient tides the waves,
For I ate my love comes back to me.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Woman's Vow," "Wrong from the Grave," "Husband of Which," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 49, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOWN'S METHOD OF GETTING RID OF A DIFFICULTY.

Castleton Vane's face was also flushed, but that it was in anger soon became evident.

"You will pardon this intrusion," he said; seeing low in Iola. "But I greet alarmed for your safety in this rather unsettled country, not knowing that you had secured an escort," and he darted a piercing look at her.

"You may not have known it on setting out, sans soul," said Miles coolly, "but surely you must have seen us in time to have turned back unobserved, if you had felt so inclined."

"And suppose, sir, that I am ready to confess I did not feel so inclined," returned Castleton, with ill-restrained anger, "what knowing you better than this young lady can do on so slight an acquaintance, I did not consider you a sufficient protection."

"He does not know me at all, I see," thought Miles Gay composedly, while Iola, trembling with alarm, hastened if she could, to allay his angry suspicions.

"Indeed," she faltered confusedly, for she was by nature truth itself. "I started out to take a little walk alone, and I had no idea of wandering so far until Mr. C——"

"Do you consider any apology necessary for permitting me to keep you company on your walk," interrupted her companion hastily, at the same time giving her a warning glance.

"Were it not that womanly delicacy forbids; her friends might consider it by no means out of place, Mr. Vane," replied Castleton with slow emphasis, his bosom heaving.

"Tut, tut!" answered the gentleman addressed, with all imaginable magnfoid. "When you live to be as old as I am, you will have been in enough quarrels without trying to pick them. I warn you it will be entirely useless to get angry with me; I shall not return the favor."

"Such assurance was needless—I was quite satisfied that you would not," said Vane.

"Gentlemen, is this useless altercation in my presence seemly?" said Iola with dignity, though she was growing quite alarmed. "Mr. Vane, if you have any respect for me you will forbear."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Dare," he answered biting his lip "Your friend is quite safe, as you see; he disarms his opponent without a blow."

"The young gentlemun is jealous," thought Miles Gay, with an amused smile as he sauntered carelessly out at Iola's side. "He thinks I am in love with her. Well, I do not know but that I might be if I dared."

There were some moments of awkward silence after this,—neither of them feeling in the humor to venture their next remark, and the trio moved on toward the town.

Castleton Vane had not ventured to look up at first, and when he did so, and found that Iola's face wore a serious, if not a pained expression, he felt deeply humiliated.

"Forgive me," he whispered while Miles Gay had lounged for the moment a few steps in advance. "I was unpardonably rude. I know of no better way of apologizing than by retreating at once, if I have intruded."

"You have not intruded," she answered aloud. "This gentleman had something of a not very pleasant nature, I can assure you, to say to me, and the interruption was finished when you came up—you will please me by accompanying me back into town."

The conversation as may be imagined was very irregular and desultory as the three found their way back into Hardyville, while the rough, untidy denizens stared at them in something like amazement.

Perhaps Mr. Scott might have preferred slouching off in a different direction, now that he had said his say, but as unscrupulous as he was, he had numerous affectations of a gentleman and determined to see the young lady back to her lodgings in spite of Castleton Vane's gathering frown, as he had been known to be the first who had joined her in her walk. And only when they had reached the door of the homely inn did he lift his hat with the airy grace of a Figaro, and withdraw.

"I will see you in half an hour," said Castleton to Iola, as he turned to enter to Mrs. Grimshaw, who appeared at the inner door. "In the meantime I have one other little matter of interest to settle."

"When do you leave?" she asked, looking anxiously up into his face. "I—I have something to say to you."

"Unfortunately not until Thursday," he replied coldly, "and I shall be pleased to listen to you, as soon you shall have composed yourself sufficiently from your long walk," and he turned quickly away; while Iola, relieved that she should have time to think, retreated once more to her own room.

In the meantime Castleton Vane had hurried down the street in time to overtake Mr. Ned Scott, who had evidently been endeavoring to get quite out of sight before his return.

"A word with you, if you please." Castleton had plucked him ungraciously enough by the sleeve as he came up, the other not seeming disposed to look around.

"Oh, is it you, fellow traveler? Well, a——n if you will. Only I am in a d——l of a hurry."

"Not considering your convenience, sir," answered Castleton hotly. "I have fol-lowed to tell you to your face that you are a——"

"Don't be flustered that you have missed that owl."

"I am persuaded that you

"Don't you think you are a little premature? In other words, that you have jumped at a conclusion without anything like evidence, as it is reckoned in law."

"There are moral convictions w hich are infallible, and I am persuaded this is one," continued Vane, in the same tone.

"Ah! Well, Mr. Vane, do you think as a general thing, it is safe to assume that every person who may by chance pursue the same route of travel with you for any length of time and does not publish his business on the street corners, is on hostile thoughts intent? May I not, as far as you could have any reason to suppose, mistrust your motives?"

"No, sir, no!" returned Vane, impulsively, yet more angry because he was again conscious of acting without a proper show of reason and discretion. "You have taken a final leave of us, as you pretended, on several occasions, but to be found hovering about our path with an air of mystery that seems anything but creditable. You would not have pre-mitted me to see you here at all if you could have avoided it."

"Are you asking a question, or stating a conviction ?"

"I am stating a conviction, sir! But, since you have suggested the idea, I will ask you a question."

"Allowing me the privilege of answering or not as I may think proper?"

"Do you stop at the house?"

"Yes."

"Then you have met and I feel convinced have known all the while a certain disreputable attorney, calling himself Miles Gay, now in this house ?"

"If there is any such person there, I do not know him."

"You lie!"

These words had burst from Castleton Vane's lips in a transport of passion, reckless of all possible consequences. Indeed, he would have been gratified to have provoked a serious personal contest with this impurturbable individual on the spot; while, on the other hand, his adversary only wore an amused smile.

"You honor, I am telling the truth, of which I might readily convince you, if I chose to take the trouble. If there is such a man there, I do not know him."

"I repeat that I do not believe you—unless he has arrived since you came out; but in any event you know him."

"I may or may not."

"You do; and since you are so irresponsible that you can not be insulted, I would send him a message through you."

"I shall be happy to serve you."

"Then tell him from me that no one with the first principles of a gentleman would have acted as he has done to-day. That I believe you are a pair of scoundrels leagued together, and I trust the day is not far distant when he and I shall meet, when he can not escape me in so public a manner as he did to-day, and knowing you tell him to his face, and publicly brand him as the dishonest, sneaking, hypocrite that he is."

"If I know the man he will not echo your wish. You may not believe it, but he is by nature a very pacific person."

Echo it or not, the day was not far distant when these two should meet, the one in his noble, upright manhood, and the other with all his rascality unmasked, to render reckoning for every offense, old and new, to the fullest extent. Perhaps, if Castleton Vane could have known this, he would have been better content to "hide his time," but believing as he did that their plan was to cheat him at every secret turn, and finally to escape him altogether, he became exasperated to an extent that he had never known before, and he did not make intelligible longing to knock some of the gleaming white teeth of the man before him down his throat. To prevent this, he turned abruptly on his heel and left the walker to walk away.

It was some time before he could calm himself sufficiently to seek an interview with Iola, and when he did his manner was for a while constrained and formal to th. last degree.

He loved, and he was jealous; and lashing upon Scott in the despicable light that he did, he despised himself for continuing to care for a woman who could be induced to encourage such attentions. He had worked himself into the belief that Iola was only alarmed at Mr. Vane, if you have any respect for me you will forbear."

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THOUGHT WITHOUT A MASTER.

BY JOHN GODEY MYERS.

"John Henry," said my wife, decisively, "we must have a home."

When my wife addresses me as "John Henry," I anticipate trouble. My experience has taught me that something dreadful usually generally happens shortly after she has delivered herself of a seemingly unimportant remark, if it be prefaced by the utterance of my dual baptismal appellation.

Accordingly, when she suddenly interrupted my musings over my after-dinner cigar with the above speech, I inwardly shuddered, but preserving outward calmness, replied:

"Certainly, my dear, have a home here, or any other variety of cohesive fancy. But why append to me with such earnestness about a matter so trifling?"

"Ah!" she replied with, with sarcastic emphasis, "I've always thought your pretended knowledge of French, and your perfect accent, were all nonsense, and this proves it. If you were at all conversant, and the children, if that is more intelligible,"

"Oh, I ah! Certainly, my dear, I must have heard you imperfectly. Your accent is—ah—excellent, of course. A home, to be sure, is the thing for the children, especially if we can secure one who speaks no English, so that the little ones may acquire her language. Of course you would want a real Parisian?"

"I should prefer a Parisian governess, rather, with a warning flash of her eyes—she has dark eyes, and she knows it. "I do not want a Parisienne—I prefer a Swiss. Mrs. Meanidolfe-Smythe has one, and she says they are faithful and willing, and"—this with a withering glance at me—"very proper in their conduct."

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "doesn't it occur to you that Switzerland is perhaps a good place to look for the French language in its purity?"

"Nonsense," retorted Mrs. R. "My French is quite as good as yours, and my knowledge of English is limited, and I have not my mind to have a Swiss girl, and it's very unkind of you to make trivial objections."

I capitulated at once—I always do when insecurity flash their anger, and it was decided that a Swiss bonne should be engaged without delay.

Reader said than done. After fruitlessly haunting the intelligence offices for a week, I was almost ready to abandon the project in disgust, when Mrs. R. joyfully greeted me on my return from New York—we lived in the outskirts of Brooklyn—with the intelligence that Mrs. Meanidolfe's sister had a cousin, who was now en route to the land of the free per one of the Hamburg steamers that this cousin was a treasure, a rara avis, a very paragon of a bonne, and that I was a cold, without doubt, aware her valuable services.

On further inquiry I gleaned from Mrs. R.'s breathless chatter the facts that the expected arrival was a native of Oberneckerwald, a land of my I had never heard of, and could speak no English whatsoever.

Here was the very bonne we wanted, ready-made, right to our hands, as it were, and I at once made the necessary preparations for her capture.

As I was unable to wait at the pier for the arrival of the steamer, it was arranged that a letter by Fräulein Oberneckerwald should be written by her friends and instructed to one of the clerks at the steamship office, with instructions, on the arrival of the vessel, to seek out the damsel, and, when she had read and comprehended the letter, to place her in a cab, give the driver my address and send her on her way rejoicing.

The next thing was to fit myself to receive the Alpine maid, and I accordingly purchased Ollendorff's French grammar and "Reader," and I began studying it most industriously.

There wasn't much time for getting up one's foreign conversation, and though I went in for "Ollendorff" at first with great energy, I found that refreshment of pressed beef and ale was the needs of the occasion. By the time I had burn to ask in two languages whether the steamboat's boy had the wooden pan or the cotton stockings of the old baker's cousin, I was dawned upon me that a peculiar conjunction of circumstances would be required for applying the question; and I determined to alter my plan, study a "Handbook of Travel Talk," and to rely mainly on my sword.

The hand book is a wonderful invention—a little confusion at first, because there are so many questions and so few answers, and if the answers don't happen to be the ones you expect, there is a difficulty; while, when two or three are heaped together, it's not always easy to find out where you are. Such as:

"Question. Can you tell me some dinner, some tea, a fowl, some roast potatoes, wine, ketchup, soup, a boiled turnip, a pea hot, pickled herrings?

"Answer. Yes, certainly. We have a table vacant. Come this way. There is a beefsteak, soup, coffee, beer, boiled pork, spinach, and broiled turkey." Or,

"Q. Where does the coach go out to-day, next week, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, at what o'clock?

"A. It goes yesterday at night, nine, ten. It goes to-day at —o'clock, to-morrow, on Mondays and Fridays, in the middle of the week." Or,

"Q. Please to hand me the salt, the butter, the sauce, the vinegar, the mustard, and that bread.

"A. Here are the poacher, the turnip-tops, the sour-krout, the pepper, the treacle, the marmalade."

This sort of thing is confusing, but I stuck to it, and by picking out a set of words and remarking them with numbers in red ink, began to acquire a wonderful facility in a French, German and Italian conversation, which would enable me to stand well among the young merry fairies girl, even if the arrived in the small hours of the morning.

It was an anxious time. Every night we sat up till an unusual and unseemly hour, and then put refreshments on the table, made up the kitchen fire, and left the gas alight in the hall. I kept awake, mostly listening for cabs, wondering if I dozed off for a minute, woke with a start, lost an instant, and fancied that young Oberneckerwaldian should have found if hogshow to join admission, and we had been cast helpless on the wilderness of Brooklyn.

At last, at the moment when I had just got the bed, the whole street was startled by a terrific knocking at our street door, and a perfect hoo of hoo-ub yells, while simultaneously a number of guard and small dogs assailed our windows.

My wife, always equal to an emergency, crammed her head with the counterpane, while I bustled to the window, and, in my frantic effort to open the sash, kicked a pane of glass, and dropped my slippers into the street. Then, hastily assuming two or three old garments, which had not been hopelessly entangled in bedclothes, I flew down stairs, having, however, refrained inflicted personal injury of mind to take my volume of "Travel Talk" with me."

"For 1st An! Qui va là! Chi è?" I ejaculated, as I quickly slipped the catch of the lock.

"This cook is pretty go, this la!" said a gruff voice.

Then a heavy body, which was evidently leaning against the door, came suddenly into contact with my person, with the knob in my stomach, against the wall.

"Where's the cook, why of come the were?" I gasped out, as soon as I could speak.

"Cook!" said the voice, "I don't know nothing about no cook. I've come to see after the fire, and the gas, and the water, and the bells, and the lights, and the doors, and the windows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the mice, and the rats, and the beetles, and the black-beetles, and the cockroaches, and the spiders, and the flies, and the fleas, and the bugs, and the lice, and the worms, and the caterpillars, and the moths, and the butterflies, and the grubs, and the slugs, and the snails, and the earwigs, and the centipedes, and the millipedes, and the gnats, and the midges, and the mosquitoes, and the wasps, and the hornets, and the bees, and the ants, and the locusts, and the grasshoppers, and the crickets, and the glow-worms, and the fire-flies, and the dragon-flies, and the cockchafers, and the stag-beetles, and the may-bugs, and the dung-beetles, and the rose-chafers, and the goldsmiths, and the silkworms, and the caterpillars, and the leeches, and the snakes, and the adders, and the slow-worms, and the lizards, and the newts, and the frogs, and the toads, and the tadpoles, and the water-rats, and the water-dogs, and the water-spiders, and the water-beetles, and the water-flies, and the water-fleas, and the water-bugs, and the water-lice, and the water-worms, and the water-caterpillars, and the water-leeches, and the water-snakes, and the water-adders, and the water-slow-worms, and the water-lizards, and the water-newts, and the water-frogs, and the water-toads, and the water-

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Enchanted Spring.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Jessie gazed wonderingly around, surprised that one so frail as to require her help to walk such a few footsteps, should in so short a time be able to pass so rapidly away. Casting his eyes upon the ground, she saw that the shadows were growing longer. The evening was approaching, and she had trifled all the day long. What would her mother and Phoebe say when she returned home? She hastily put on her hat, and, with a brimming pitcher hurried away.

As Jessie, with her heavy burden, approached the house, the first object that met her eyes was Phoebe's dreaded aunt standing in the door. "If I could only get in the back way," thought the child; but it was too late—she had not escaped the vigilant eye of her tyrant, who met her on the step, and, taking the pitcher from her hand, asked her in an angry voice the cause of her long absence. As Jessie did not reply, for she knew from bitter experience that any answer would only increase the present wrath, the cruel woman inflicted a hard blow upon her, which almost failed her to the ground, and afterwards sent her supperless to bed. Jessie ran quickly up to the attic of cattle. It was a comfortless place enough, but the child was so glad to be alone, and to escape from the scolding voice of her aunt that it was a paradise to her. She threw herself upon the hard bed and found relief for her outraged feelings in a copious shower of tears.

The spring, to which Jessie was so often sent by her ill-natured cousin, poured its water down through a dense wood, on the side of a deep basin, upon the brink of which grew tangled masses of creeping plants. On the green, mossy bank beside it violets and lily bells gave out their fragrant incense, and a great oak tree, with its far spreading branches, protected it from the warm rays of the summer sun with its friendly shadow.

The water was cool and sparkling, but with all its loveliness, the spot was seldom visited; and if a pedestrian chanced to be near it as the evening shadows were falling, the passing footsteps were hurried until the spring was left far behind, for there was a report abroad firmly believed in throughout the neighborhood, that the place was the haunt of fairies, and many of the people dwelling in its vicinity related how, on certain evenings, when belated on their returns from their daily toil, and approaching the darkness still found them near it, they had seen little sparkling lights dance about on the surface of the spring, and, at the same time, had heard faint, sweet music floating all round them, while the air was redolent with fragrance.

Phœbe had carefully concealed all these reports from Jessie, and the consequence was that, although the former would not for the world have gone near the place, Jessie was always pleased to be sent there. The murmur of the water fell with a sweet cadence on her ear, and the solemn moments in which she reposed her tired limbs on the flowing bank were the only happy times of her sad life. Carrying water from the spring was not a necessity, for the house was plentifully supplied with the element at its very door, but Phœbe, knowing all the suspected dangers of the place, and believing in them fully, had resolved to send Jessie there until she should either fall a victim to the evil influences of the spring, or some blight should settle upon her youthful heart, of which the wicked girl was so envious; but Jessie, all unconscious of her evil designs, and contented in her ignorance, caressed the lovely flowers and refreshed herself with draughts of water in the languishing hours of noon, and nothing would have induced her to sever one from its tender stem.

The sorrow of childhood are quickly forgotten. When driven to the attack by her cruel aunt, Jessie soon sobbed herself to sleep, when before her closed eyelids a vision passed. She dreamt she slept on the spring's flowery bank, that the lilly bells swung to and fro as if a gentle zephyr was passing over them. From their white petals Lused a tinkling silver sound,glow worm lights glittered on the long grass, and tiny sprites were assembling on the mossy carpet of the bank. One, peerless in her beauty, robed in gossamer, her wings glittering with all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, advanced to the side of the sleeping child, and waving over her a silver wand, thus addressed her companions:

"Behold our child, the happy little one of Briarwood, and see what mortal watchfulness can accomplish. Shorn of her beautiful locks, thy gift, Goldenhair, her little hands torn and bleeding, her blue eyes always dropping tears, and her heart almost broken, that kindly heart, always open to the cry of distress. Only to-day, taking the form of a fainting, decrepit old woman, I appeared to her panting for breath, without strength to guide my footsteps. Quickly, with the aid of her young arm, she came to my relief, soothed me with her kind voice, and with a cup of leaves formed by her tiny hand, gave me water. What then is our duty. Shall she be left to her cruel persecutions? or shall we save her?" In a gush of melody the refrain was taken up. "We will save her, we will save her, our sweet Briarwood child."

Once more the silver wands waved over the sleeping Jessie. She started up from her hard bed. Alas! the bright phantasmagna had vanished, the day was dawning, and the child, hastily dressed, descended to the kitchen and commenced her daily labor. Her hand moved as if all done with scrupulous care, but a change had stolen over the child; there was a far-off look in her eyes, the bright vision of the night was still before her and the words of the fairies, "We will save her, we will save her!" was ever sounding in her ears.

When Phœbe came down stairs to break fast that morning, her ever-watchful eyes soon saw that something was amiss with Jessie, and her wicked heart was filled with rejoicing, for at once she thought the spirits of the spring were beginning their work upon her. She knew the child had spent the hour of yesterday there, and she burned with curiosity to know what had befallen her. But she was awed into silence, and consequently Jessie passed the day quietly, for her aunt's sullenness interfered with her naturgenial on by Phœbe. In the evening Jessie and Jonis once more crept up to her attic room.

During that eventful night, when all the family were hushed in sleep, a fairy with silken footsteps glided into Phœbe's chamber. She stood in an attitude of waiting, when suddenly the door opened noiselessly, and Jessie wrapped in sheets as she was in, lying on the hardened sands of many spirits, and held by the side of the sleeping Phœbe. Immediately a change passed over the forms and features of the children, and Phœbe, wearing the exact counterpart of Jessie, was conveyed in the magic room and the hard bed, while Jessie transformed into the likeness of her cousin, reposed on Phœbe's softer couch.

When Jessie awoke in the morning she was startled to see the beams of the long risen sun shining through the window, as many a sunbeam had found its way through the roof of the cottage to pour the yellow light upon the floor. The hour at which she was wont to rise had long been passed, and she leaped up from the pillow. Surely this was not her chamber, between the window and the door, with little ornaments of shells and a pretty vase filled with flowers on the mantle-piece. Jessie looked around her, and then the truth dawned upon her, that she was the occupant of Phœbe's room, what could it all mean? she sprang from the bed and caught a glance of herself in the mirror. Horror of horrors! it was Phœbe's face she saw reflected there; again she looked, surely there was no deception.

Phœbe's face still greeted her; her screams of terror soon brought her aunt to the room, who found her falnty on the floor. Thinking it was her own daughter she bore her gently to the bed, applied proper remedies, and after some her restored to consciousness, left her in a placid slumber.

Aunt Mary had not risen as early as usual this morning. The house seemed permeated with a sensation of drowsiness, which even Uncle George had not escaped, for although he had left his bed early enough, he set out in the sitting room window, and there her gently to the bed, applied proper remedies, and after some her restored to consciousness, left her in a placid slumber.

Aunt Mary had not risen as early as usual this morning. The house seemed permeated with a sensation of drowsiness, which even Uncle George had not escaped, for although he had left his bed early enough, he set out in the sitting room window, and there he sat, in a drowsy state of existence, his pipe between his lips, his feet upon the hearth, and his whole appearance worried her. Something must have happened, and she began to fear she had injured her with the hard blow she had given her. Hastening up the stairs she soon stood beside the unconscious form of Jessie's bed, who was still wrapped in a profound slumber. Aunt Mary touched her gently, for her fears had made her cowardly. Finding she still slept, she gave her a violent shake, at which time, she shook her roughly which caused her to open her eyes, making faces and grumbling out an enquiry why she was called so early. A box on the ear was the only answer. The girl gave a bewildered glance around and found she was in Jessie's attic, instead of her own nice room, and her mother standing over her. Did she not know her own child? or did she think she was Jessie she was striking. Amazed to find herself in Jessie's bed, and smarting from the blow, with a face wet with tears she cried out, "Oh, mother, how cruel you are to hurt me so." "Don't call me mother, you saucy child," said Aunt Mary. "A pretty girl you are to be in bed at this time in the morning; hurry down stairs or I'll strike you again." Saying which, she left her, hearing a terrific scream proceeding from Phœbe's room. Frightened at the sound, she hurried to the chamber to find, as she thought, and as before related, her daughter fainting on the floor.

It was some time before the transformed Phœbe recovered from her confusion; Her astonishment increased every moment that she should be occupying Jessie's room, and to solve the mystery she was obliged to down to her own room. Judge of her surprise when she saw a semblance of herself lying asleep on her own nice bed. She immediately went to the mirror, and with amazement, instead of her own, Jessie's face reflected there. A thrill of horror passed over her as the thought forced itself upon her, that the evil spirits of the spring, knowing her designs upon her innocent cousin, was about punishing her for her wicked misdeeds. Trembingly she again looked in the mirror, and although much frightened at the transformation, she still felt a secret pleasure in the possession of Jessie's pretty ones and toyed with the curls around her forehead. "I have all the beauty at any rate," she thought, "and I will soon set other things to rights." Accordingly she slipped on one of her own dresses and went into the kitchen. "Mother," she said, in a quiet voice, "I am Phœbe." Aunt Mary caught up a stick that was lying on the floor. "What has come over you this morning?" she asked; "you are Phœbe, are you, well I'll soon take that notion out of your head," and catching her by the shoulder, she beat her cruelly. Tears came in the poor child's eyes she already began to feel retribution for Jessie's wrongs. The beating gave her terrible pain; she looked askance at her mother without daring to utter a word, who cried out in angry tones, "now go down yourself in your own clothes, and be quick about it too." Again Phœbe mounted to Jessie's room; some soiled clothing was hanging on an old chair. Phœbe turned them over with a look of disgust. "I am not going to wear those at any rate" thought the girl. She opened Jessie's trunk, and took from it the only decent suit the child possessed and hastily dressed herself, and once more descended to the kitchen. As soon as Aunt Mary saw her, her anger knew no bounds; she hastily seized her, shook her violently and drave her up the stairs, where she stood beside her and she put on the clothes Jessie had worn the day before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHORTNESS OF MONEY.

Young ladies, as a rule (writes a contemporary), suffer a good deal from the want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expense to spend as they please, while their sisters have only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid.

A distinguished lady novelist lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young woman who dabbled in literature merely for a chance of earning a little money. She, perhaps, for a moment forgot of how much importance that little money may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses.

Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations when staying at friends' houses merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are, perhaps, asked to go with gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted, to pay their little incidental expenses, such as an admission to a picture-gallery or a flower-show. They cannot make the usual presents to servants. This is, however, that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion.

It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of her own pocket unaccustomedly, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position, from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a few shillings in her purse when she absolutely wanted it.

As a rule a married woman is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket money, and if she has not brought her husband any fortune and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house money and dress money, and being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowances. She never feels as if she could call any money her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessaries, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself.

Boston has coined the word and now claims the right to use it as follows: One of the historic paintings in the Old South attracted the attention of a party of the spectatorless sex. "What picture is that?" inquired one. "It says 'William Pitt the Elder,'" replied his companion, reading the inscription. "Oh, yes, I see," responded the first, "and this channel is old Revolution times. Don't know as ever I heard of him before."

THERE AND THERE.

—Illinois prohibits pool-selling, too. Turf luck.

—They have "venerable centenarians" down in Maine.

—President Hayes owns 3,000 acres of mineral land in Virginia.

—Major Bone is advised to go abroad and join the Turkish army.

—The Bachelder patent has expired, and every girl can now have a "feller."

—Warsaw, Ind., record a descent of hail stones "as large as black walnuts."

—Russia's wheat growing capacitates even during war are almost incalculable.

—Salisbury, N. C., is manufacturing pennyroyal oil [what's milligrass fen shins].

—The Pope likes Isabella of Spain best and Eugenie least of all the royal persons in Europe.

—A Book question of the day: Whether Southeastern Europe will be bound in Russia or Turkey?

—Thousands of young Russians of good blood have entered military service as common soldiers.

—When one meets a friend one aboard American custom makes it meet and drink for both of them.

—Among the late important State events in Europe are the deaths of Bismarck's dog and the Pope's cat.

—The Chicago Journal sarcastically refers to a war map "that looked like a circular saw in motion."

—Victor Hugo thinks that what is said about a man usually has as much effect upon his life as anything else.

—Algiers is now shipping strawberries, cherries and asparagus to the Paris markets in large quantities.

—Certain ladies in Rhode Island are taking steps to establish a home for prisoners whose terms have expired.

—If there is any time in the affairs of a man when he should keep mum it is when he's getting his chin shaved.

—In a fishing community in the northeast of Scotland the following custom is pursued of feigning to steal the bride.

—Out in Kansas they put the smaller grasshoppers in cages, teach them to sing, and sell them to Eastern tourists for Wichita linnets.

—Eminent but intemperate citizens who are hereafter invited to dine at the White House are arranging to pretend that they are Russians.

—There was a time in the years gone by when a young man who carried a pencil over his ear was supposed to know all worth knowing.

—A millionaire in San Francisco has paid $7500 for kissing the family seamstress, yet people will persist in saying that prices are going down.

—Experience is a wise teacher, but the man who feels a June bug creeping inside his trousers leg has no resource save in his natural ability.

—A childless Oswego county man, who is compelled to pay a school tax, is endeavoring to get even by pasturing his cow on the school grounds.

—Mrs. Ralston, widow of the late President of the Bank of California, has been married in Paris to an American named Candor, and will live there.

—Sh! Don't say a word about it; don't speak; maybe it will get by without noticing us or disturbing any one. Here comes the Fourth of July again.

—Standing on the backs of chairs and whitewashing overhead is what keeps down a superfluity of women in this country, as much as anything else.

—Dr. Mary Walker don't like to stand up and hold onto a street-car strap, and the prevailing impression is that she hasn't got any new sleeve buttons.

—It would be enough to make any millionaire's head grow bald by anticipation if he could only look ahead and see how his heirs he found to fill out after his death.

—Another mysterious disappearance is reported, and a woman with a hickory bail bat is still standing at the door of the entrance where he is supposed to have disappeared.

—The circumstantial account of the capture of a sea serpent off Orkan, in Argyleshire, Scotland, published in a Glasgow newspaper the other day turns out to be a gigantic hoax.

—A woman is frequently parted from her husband because she believed that he did not love her, and then he killed himself because she deserted him. Evidently they did not understand each other.

—The European war may advance the price of Russia leather; pocket books and cases of paper men a great deal of trouble to take care of their money, and yet leave room in their pockets for bills and tobacco.

—So infectious was the marriage ceremony of a couple in Keokuk, the other day, that the bridesmaid and groomsman promptly made the preliminary agreement, and were united in wedlock the same evening.

—A French paper at Bayeux describes a "man fish" lately cut off Diamond Point, which resembles a human being down to the waist, while its lower portion is those of a fish. Its eyes were large, its nose flat, and its countenance "round and full."

—When a man goes home pretty late at night these times and tries to explain that he was laboring to get up a corner in corn, his wife says: "Your breath smells like it; and now you go down to the cellar and get up a corner in gold by the range to last till you are prepared to make a treaty at home."

—"For seven years now," pathetically says the timphie, "the Baltimore women who admired Wilkes Booth have gone at early month to a sequestered spot and laid wreaths of flowers on the grave of a man who kept a peanut stand, and was killed by being run over by a swill cart. It is so easy to make a mistake."

—"You call him a liberal Christian?" said one gentleman to another in the Bunker Hill district. "Yes, I think he is," was the reply. "Well, let me tell you. He came to a little entertainment at our church, and went to a cream than any two men, and when we asked him for ten cents to help the missionary cause he declined."

—"Why is it," asks an exchange, "that when a woman falls down stairs she screams out at every bump, while a man holds his breath till he gets to the bottom?" Why, it is because the woman doesn't intend to do any swearing at the bottom, while the man does,and saves himself for a grand, comprehensive "dad darn it when he gets there.

—He came out of a saloon struggling as if he needed air; and as he threw his arms around a post and a young shaver got to see his face and stomach, he took advantage of a lull in the eruptions to tell the post that it was a thousand dollars to a smooth quarter that there was a fly in that whiskey.

—When you see a newspaper article which promises to be interesting to be away of high merit, it is well to read it for the profit to secure for so doing. But, as a matter of precaution, it is better to glance first at the end, to see if anything is said about two sizes of bottles—one for fifty cents and the other for a dollar.

—Tina Marquez is the odd name of an odd girl in Guatemala. Alfred H. Bunker met her in marriage and she accepted him; but she did not trust him, and told him so. He confessed that he had formerly been engaged to three girls, the daughters of rich banks. He gave blank book for a proof of his sincerity he gave her promissory notes for $1,000 each, payable at the banks that was unwilling to marry her on a certain date. He closed the bargain he agreed to keep his promise; nor would he pay the notes. A law suit followed.

PERMANENT

INTERNATIONAL

EXHIBITION.

To the Holders of Centennial Stock and Citizens of Philadelphia.

In consequence of the unexpected decision of the Supreme Court, which largely reduces the subscription of the stock of the

PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL Exhibition Company,

the Directors are obliged to make a further appeal to secure funds to place the Exhibition upon a self-supporting basis. But for this unprocessed and unexpected decision at Washington, there would have been no necessity whatever of making any appeal to the citizens for further aid. But inasmuch as a large portion of the subscriptions to the Permanent Exhibition were in the Centennial Stock, we are now obliged to appeal for additional subscriptions to make up the deficiency. The Exhibition is not a private enterprise, merely for the benefit of the stockholders but is intended for the advantage and benefit of our city, State and country, and especially for our city and State, and there ought not to be any doubt whatever as to its ultimate success. It will be calculated, from its great extent and varied attractions, to draw to our city hundreds and thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, who will have the finest opportunity they ever had or seeing collected together the various productions of art and manufacturers of our city and State and of other States, besides curious and attractive exhibits from abroad, and most every business interest of our city must be benefited by it.

We appeal, therefore, to all the holders of Centennial Stock to come forward at once and subscribe their stock to the Permanent Exhibition, and thus let the whole country see that Pennsylvania not only can and will return to the last farthing the money which the Government so reluctantly advanced and now requires shall be refunded, but that she can also maintain a worthy character exhibiting, which in point of extent, variety, and attractive features, and magnificence of the temple in which it is held, is without a parrallel in the world.

We therefore ask your assistance, either by transfer of stock of the Centennial Board of Finance, or a subscription in money.

Those subscribing Centennial Stock have the option of taking sixteen single tickets of admission for each share of stock transferred, or stock of the International Exhibition Company, at the rate of twenty five dollars per share, will be issued for the net amount realized.

In addition to the dividends that may be earned and declared, holders of stock of the International Exhibition Company will be entitled to a single ticket of admission annually for each ten dollars subscribed, or to an annual pass for each eight shares of stock.

Instead of stock, subscribers have the option of taking, for each twenty-five dollars, a transferable season ticket for 1877, which will admit two adults, or one adult and two children each day.

In all cases where the transfer of Centennial Stock the present owners can retain the memorial certificate of the Centennial Board of Finance.

Believing, from the support already given us, that we will be sustained in our endeavors to make the International Exhibition a grand success, we have determined to push forward complete arrangements for opening on May 10, 1877; but the measure of our success will depend to a great extent on the answer received to this appeal.

That the Directors may know at once just what they can depend on, citizens who are willing to subscribe in cash or Centennial Stock are earnestly urged to notify either of the undersigned by letter or postal card, giving their address, and those wishing to transfer stock will be immediately furnished with blanks for transfer, and holders of single shares of Centennial Stock who wish to transfer the same and receive Tickets of Admission at above, can make the transfer and receive the tickets by calling at 903 WALNUT Street from 9 to 4, or they will be furnished with blank transfers by notifying the Financial Agent. In all cases of transfer or Centennial Stock it will be necessary to

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The N. Y. Tribune says: "Waters' Orchestrion Chime Organ" is a beautiful little instrument, simple, powerful, and sweet in quality. The Chime attachment is a novelty and the artistic effects capable of being produced by this little organ are surprising."

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The Waters' Pianos are well known among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with confidence from personal knowledge. —N. Y. Examiner.

We can speak of the merits of the Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of very good quality.—Christian Intelligencer.

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This is your ONLY OPPORTUNITY to get this beautiful premium, so order AT ONCE. This offer will hold good 30 DAYS.

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To the Readers of the "Post."

Your consideration is respectfully requested to the Grand Depot at Thirteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, as a place of supply for Dry Goods, Men's Women's and Children's Shoes, Hats, Clothing and Clothes for making up purposes. The house was founded as a Clothing house in 1861, and grew year by year, enlarging its departments to include other goods, because it seemed right to use the same house and workmen, and to distribute as many goods as possible, as this reduces the cost of goods to everybody. The Depot is probably the plainest business structure in the world. The principles of the house are the opposite of those generally followed by tradesmen, and whilst one here and another there, followed in part this plan, the writer believes he had the privilege of founding the equitable system by which business is transacted at the old depot, namely:

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3.—*Any article, even cut goods, may be exchanged.*

4.—*Those who are disappointed with their purchases, can have their money returned with cheerfulness, if goods are returned in two weeks, unlimpered.*

5.—*With each article sold a guarantee is given, setting forth this basis of sale.*

Believing it a duty to do the utmost whatever is given one to do, your kind co-operation is earnestly desired.

John Wanamaker.

13th and Market Sts., Philad'a.

[NOTE.—Samples will be sent free, by mail, when letters of request are received.

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We will sell the largest stock Jewelry of a bankrupt firm, at one-tenth of the manufacturing cost. This is a golden harvest for Agents and private individuals.

OUR ONE DOLLAR GOLDEN CASKET.

OUR DOLLAR CASKET Contains one elegantly engraved Lady's Brooch and Ear Drops, Amethyst setting; one Lady's Ring, (state size,) Amethyst setting; one pair of Engraved Sleeve Buttons; one pair Engraved Studs, Initial (2 letters); one Solitaire Collar Button; one Plated Guard Chain; one Plated Chatelaine Pin; one Plated Scarf Pin; one Plated Vest Chain; one Plated Charm; one Plated Thimble; one Plated Match Box; one Plated Pencil; one Plated Ring; (1) Gilt engraved Bracelets. All the above are the Finest Gold Plate, and arranged in a beautiful white, pearl inlaid Casket. Any of the articles sold separately for more than the price of the Casket. Sent by mail, postpaid, for One Dollar or will send One of these Better Caskets by mail postpaid, or Four Caskets on receipt of $3.50. Address G.S.O., JACOBY & CO., Manufacturers,

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HOW TO BECOME AGENTS.

Our Amethyst Casket contains one elegantly engraved Lady's Brooch, Amethyst setting; one pair elegantly engraved Lady's Ear Drops, amethyst setting; one engraved Amethyst Ring (state size with Poetry); one engraved Amethyst Scarf Pin; one Amethyst Sleeve Button; one Amethyst Solitaire Collar Button; one engraved Vest Chain; one elegant engraved Collar Button; one elegant Band Ring; one Plated Thimble; one Plated Match Box; one Plated Pencil; one Plated Ring; one Plated Charm; one pair Plated Sleeve Buttons; one pair Plated Studs; one Plated Scarf Pin; one Plated Vest Chain; one Plated Chatelaine Pin; one pair Engraved Bracelets. All the above are the finest Gold Plate, and arranged in a beautiful white, pearl inlaid Casket. Any of the articles sold separately for more than the price of the Casket. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Address, AMERICAN JEWELRY COMPANY.—CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We have examined the goods in the American Casket of the American Jewelry Company, and find them to be in every way as represented.—See Indiana Agriculturist, Indianapolis.

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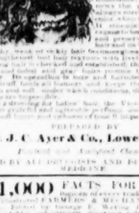
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR

TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.



Burnett's Cocoaine,

Burnett's Cocoaine,

Burnett's Cocoaine,

Is an invaluable remedy for

DANDRUFF.

I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff, and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never in better condition.

A. A. FULLER.

BALDNESS.

Chelsea, Mass, May 12, 1875.

Some five months ago I purchased a bottle of Cocoaine based hair tonic covered by a beautiful picture of a female head, which I hung up in my room as a dressing, knowing many persons who frequented it very highly of its merits. I was bald, and now my baldness is said as a remarkable.

J. G. LEWIS.

LOSS OF HAIR.

Parson, March 3, 1875.

Your "Cocoaine," is the only dressing for the hair used in my family for the last two years. I have only stopped my wife's hair from coming out, but caused the growth of a new head of hair. I call this same "Cocoaine" for saving my own bald, which was very fast becoming very bald, and find it a valuable preparation.

J. C. MITCHELL.

IRRITATION OF THE SCALP.

Waterville, Me., Sept. 15, 1875.

I purchased a bottle only, for the purpose of a hair dressing; but, to my surprise, it has entirely removed the irritation of the scalp, from which my wife used to be troubled in the same way, and it has wholly eradicated the disease.

JOSEPH HILL, Jr.

HAIR-DRESSING.

New York, Sept. 22, 1875.

For some time past I have been using your Cocoaine, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair. FRANK LESLIE.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston,

Manufacturers and Proprietors.

I WRITE 10,000 VISITING CARDS accurately and give satisfaction; new cards, beautiful styles, no two alike; send 10c. and stamp for sample set. Name your C. B. RUNNELLS, Printer, 316 S. Morgan st., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR NAME on 30ox. mix Vis. Cds 30c J. B. HUSSEY, P. M. at Mixed Cards, 1865.

XQUISITE little CARD Ornaments in Bright Colors, Flowers, Figures, Fancy Designs, Mottoes, etc., with your name, 10c. and stamp. 20 Mailed Cards, 10c. Agents outfit, 10c. Samples for 3c. M. W. DOTY & Co., Bristol, Conn.

THE FASHIONS.

A very welcome change is rejoicing the hearts of the fair sex, especially in the form of a Princess dress which can be made and draped in a variety of ways. It is called

LA CAMPAGNE.

The one we have seen was one of black Silks, which is to be worn long during the morning in the house or in the street, and is looped in the back and front to show a short skirt of white brocade, which is to be worn with a long train in the evening. The bodice is cut square in front and back, with long flowing sleeves, and is lined up the back and sides with white satin, and is fastened by a row of white buttons down the front. These flaps are trimmed top and bottom with three buttons of black velvet, set on in a perpendicular line. Of course the bottom is set on down each side front, meeting a little below the belt. The petticoat is trimmed for a distance of twelve inches from the bottom with a flounce of white brocade to match the skirt. The manner of looping the Princess robe is what is termed in lovers' parlance the "coquette" fashion. The back and side widths are looped up with some ornament, revealing the lining of the skirt, half way down the back. A loop is attached to the part of the skirt at the back of the dress and comes over the top of the dress and is fastened to the front. The front skirt is looped up with a bouffant on each side. The effect is very graceful and prettier than words could describe, and where one can wear fashionable dresses with more economical than our extravagant ladies here can dream, and are well pleased with a costume that can be worn so nicely for two seasons, looped and done and also for street toilette.

In regard to the sleeve, we omitted to mention that it was the ordinary coat-sleeve, with the facing and cuff, inside of which was a gathered frill of the material. This cuff is also supplied with buttons and buttoned and stripped woolen goods, instead of in seamen and stripped woolen goods, instead of in the more expensive silks.

A very pretty petticoat for a little girl was made of white French muslin, trimmed with Torchon lace and insertion, and intended to be worn over a plain silk under, or an underskirt underskirt, of pink or blue. This latter combination is very much stronger in wear, but abroad it is very commonly used. The cut is called

THE BABY.

The underskirt, say of pink cashmere, is cut in the usual way, and is to be a tolerably deep hem, having a knife pleating at the bottom. The over-dress of French muslin has a four pointed French yoke, back and front, and rose on each shoulder. The pattern of Torchon lace is put in each point, and the skirting of muslin on each side of them bands of insertion, also edged with Torchon lace an inch and a half deep edges the yoke all around. The skirt is cut in five pieces to the yoke; the lower part for the depth of twelve or fourteen inches being alternate skirting of muslin and insertion of Torchon lace. A deep hem finishes the bottom. Two dainty pockets ornamented and edged with lace are placed on each side of the front.

The loose over-dress is of muslin, intended to be worn with a sash. A wide point sash would be appropriate, and must be tied very low; quite below the hips, in fact. A pin or two is needed to keep it in place. These sashes are tied in a bow, falling to about the full from the elbow, and are lace edged.

A charming little hat to be worn with this suit was of white crape with a wide rim, turned up on one side of the front, and the rim lined with pink silk. A cluster of flowers with buds, and sprigs of foliage, an edging of Torchon lace as the finish, and afterwards taken over around the crown, where it is caught here and there with loops of ribbon.

CAPE AND HOOD.

The fancy knotched made of fine crape silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and edging or Due chester lace, are much worn again.

Leghorn and Tuscany straw hats are very fashionable, trimmed with velvet.

Silver bangles continue fashionable.

A profusion of flowers are used in trimming evening dresses.

Cardinal is still used for piping black or gray suits.

Pink coral necklaces composed of rose or a row of round beads, and having a cross or locket pendant are very fashionable.

Pink and white ribbons go well at night and is much used for trimming evening hats for the theatre, etc.

Light grenadine suits are made without overskirts and are worn of ruffles, puffs, etc., upon a Princess object of blond lace.

Blond ruffles for evening in Llama lace are popular.

Many with very high heels are not worn by sensible people.

Black tulle veils dotted with straw or yellow silk are worn Egyptian fashion, tied over the top of the head and crossed under the chin, and tied in the back, close and in front like a scarf.

Many pretty jewels are shown.

Moderation in half and fresh costume fashionable.

This is much worn this season, and pale blue.

Thanks are due Messrs. Romer & Colladay for information received.

THE WORK TABLE.

Our model for this week is a pelisse for a girl. The number of yards required to make it of twenty-four inches wide is six. It is not trimmed, or it only trimmed on the neck and sleeves.

The pattern consists of seven parts, viz.: Front, side-body, postillion, back-body, back-skirt and collar. The front closes diagonally from the left shoulder to the right side, and has the hooks and eyes on the front, as is shown in the figure. It is concealed by a false fold or else knife pleating. The back, as will be seen from the section of a second figure, is cut in two parts. Each of the second side-body commencing on the shoulder. All the seams are notched with slit. The sleeves are of silk, finished with another fabric. The cuffs of machine stitching make a neat finish on the edge, or if preferred, a triple cording headed by a bias fold of the material, or either edge with silk cord and a fold of silk may be substituted. The pocket is in the second fold, and has a top and ends at the bottom, and a bow at each end of the top.

The pleeves may be laid in two inch wide upward folds until within five or six inches of the shoulder, when a puff will give a stylish effect, especially if the garment be destined for a thin, tall figure. Cords of the material laid in longitudinal folds are pretty. The collar is composed of a number of tiny folds, stitched down on the inner and lower edge. The shape is round and standing. Ties and ends may be placed in the centre of the back. The price of the pattern is 25 cents, with two stamps for postage.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Cora Nourse.—We would advise making the flounced silk with a polonaise. The sleeve described pattern would be very suitable. The cross-seam will be worn a good deal, yet it is but the fashion for a time, and not likely to last long. It will be worn in the street.

Miss L.—The Leghorn hat will be very appropriate. Use the brim with black or dark blue velvet. Trim with crape-colored silk.

The Duel Between Bowie and Quan Fleet.

From Whaler Spirit.

At the appointed hour all parties were on the ground, Bowie, as usual, perfectly cool, the Spaniard very much excited. The principals were placed at the word from the Captain. The Spaniard's second gave the word "Fire!" They were to stand and fire alternately, beginning with the Spaniard. The Spaniard fired, but his ball was an instance of gunpowder wasted. Bowie, who, it is supposed, never intended to repeatedly broken that, but to such a man as Bowie, who "knew everything. When the Spaniard had fired, Bowie fired; he of course, fired it in the most unlikely style in those days of duelling, and that was to fire in the air. The Spaniard's second then loaded his principal's pistol, and handed it to him, repeating the word "Fire!" Bowie, who, of course, had loaded his ball with a bullet, and drew his ball with a bullet, and drew his ball with a bullet, and drew